

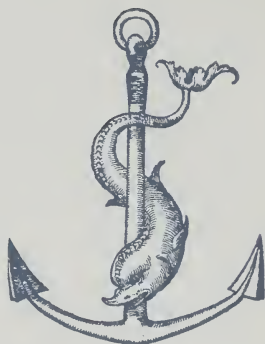
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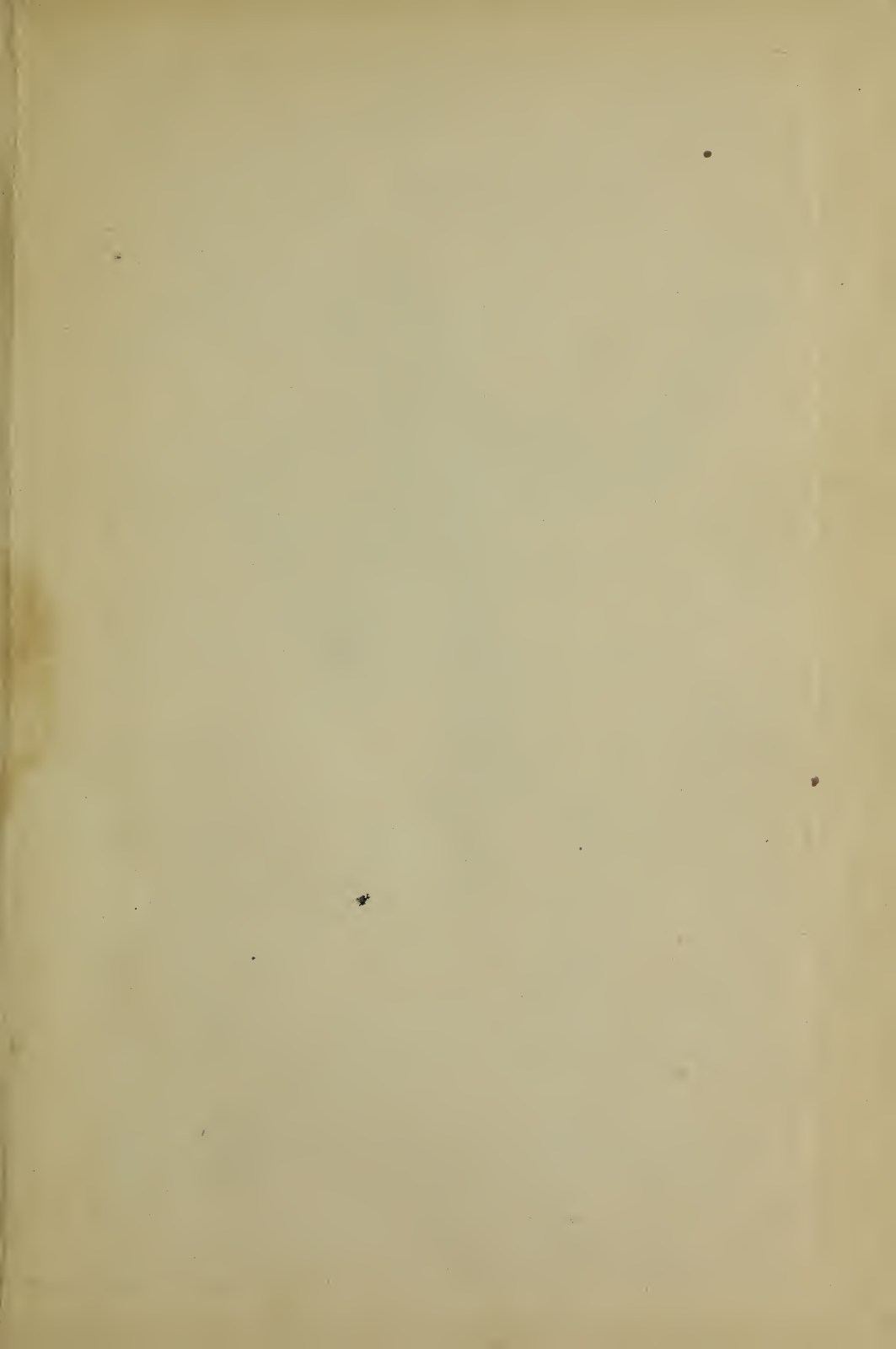


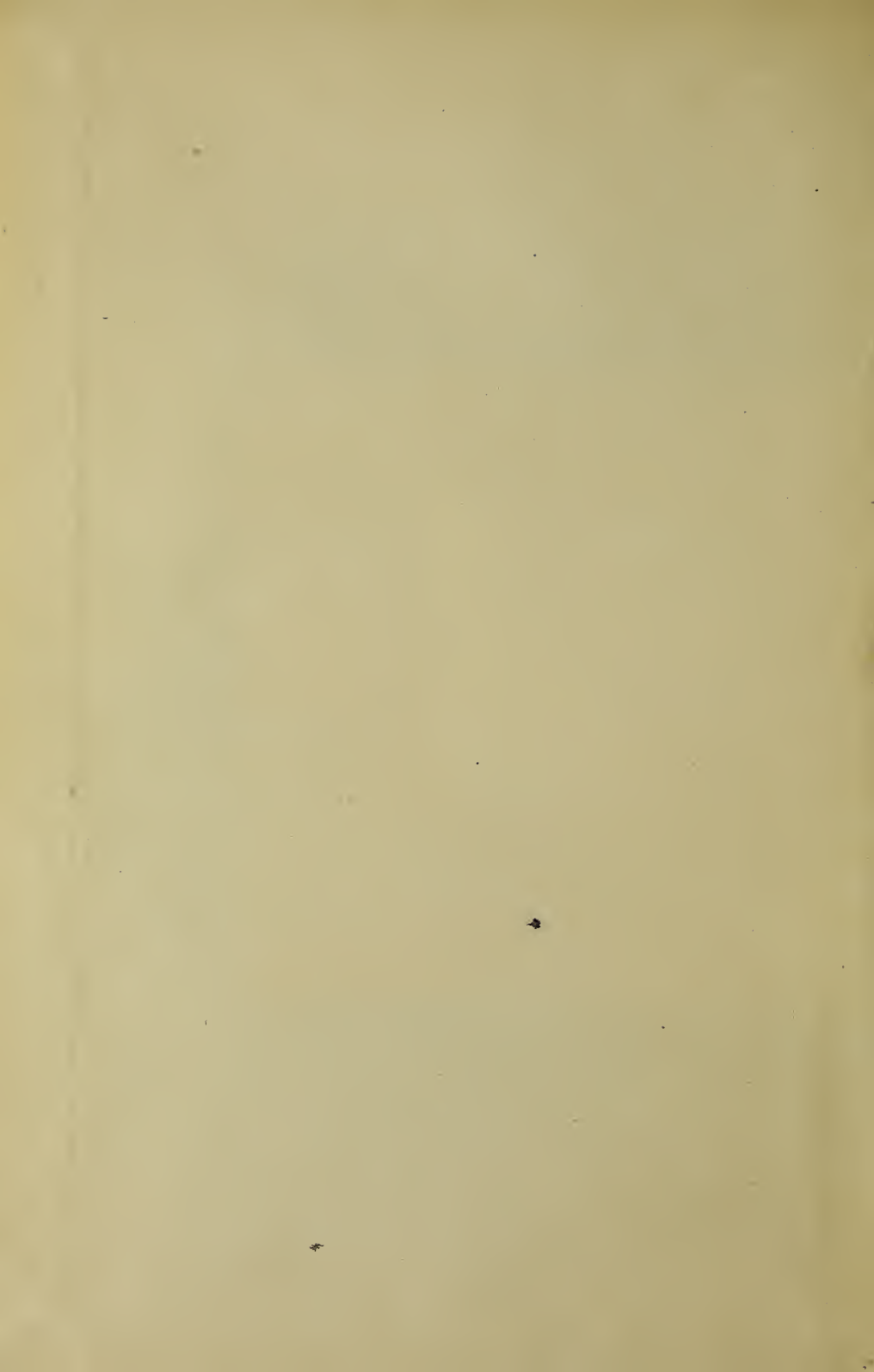
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LIVES AND ^{OF} BATTLES FAMOUS BLACK PUGILISTS

ILLUSTRATED.



WITH
COMPLIMENTS
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RICHARD K. FOX.

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and All Kinds of Wrestling.

RICHARD K. FOX,

◦ PUBLISHER ◦

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THE
BLACK
CHAMPIONS
OF
THE PRIZE RING

FROM
MOLINEAUX TO JACKSON

REVISED AND COMPILED BY
SAM C. AUSTIN
SPORTING EDITOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE

ILLUSTRATED

LONDON
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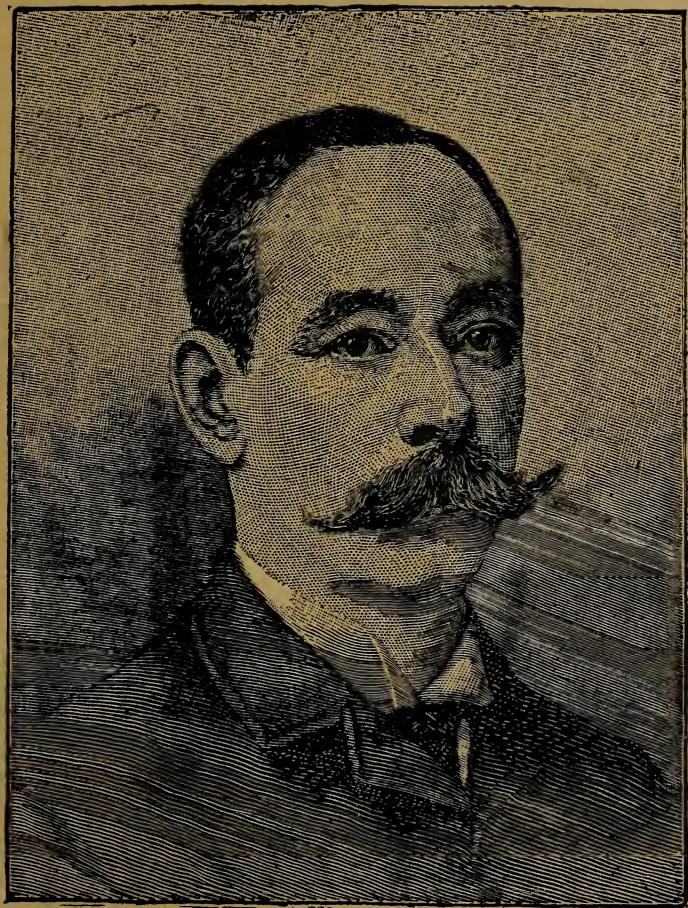
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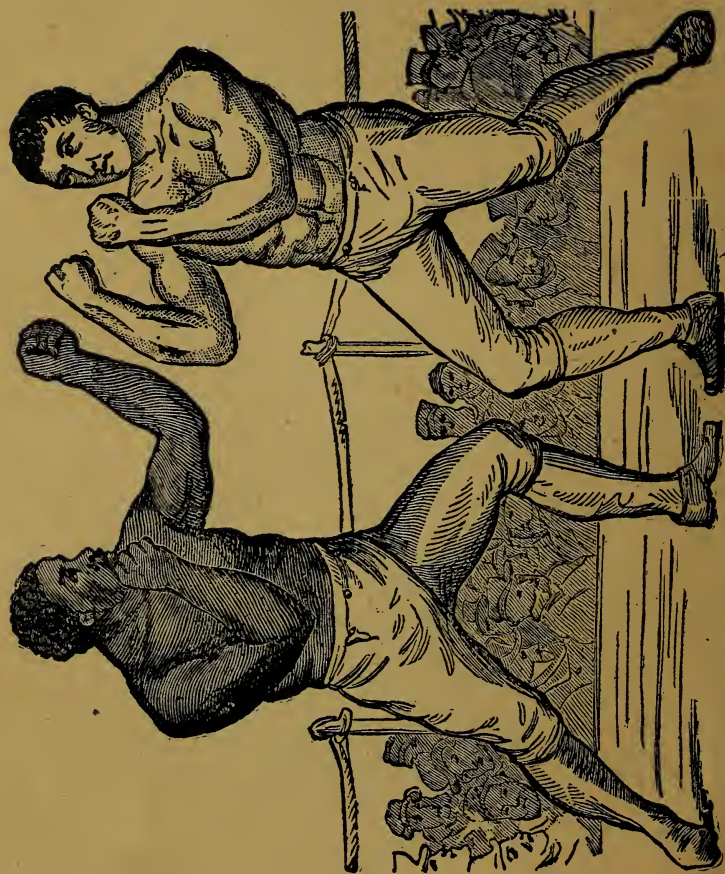
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RICHARD K. FOX,

**Editor and Proprietor of the "Police Gazette" and
"Fox's Illustrated Weekly."**

**DONOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE HEAVY, MIDDLE, LIGHT AND FEATHER-WEIGHT PRIZE RING
CHAMPIONSHIP BELTS, THE CHAMPIONSHIP CHALLENGE ROWING CUP AND THE
SIX-DAY GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE CHAMPIONSHIP BELT OF THE WORLD.**



TOM CRIBB

MOLINEAUX

MOLINEAUX'S GREAT BATTLE WITH TOM CRIBB.

affected him that he could hardly stand. His second, Richmond urged him to go on in the hopes that Cribb would get exhausted.

ROUND 33.—Molineaux fell from weakness of his legs. This by Cribb's party was called falling without a blow and a squabble would have ensued had not Molineaux exclaimed: "I can fight no more." The battle was ended. Molineaux, in this contest, proved himself as courageous a man as ever an adversary contended with, and Cribb's merits as a pugilist could not but be enhanced by a victory over so formidable an opponent. "The Black" astonished everyone not only by his extraordinary power of hitting and his gigantic strength, but by his acquaintance with the science, which was far greater than any one had given him credit for. In the 28th round, after the men had been carried to their corners, Cribb was so much exhausted that he could hardly rise from his second's knee. At the call of time, which was uttered loudly by Sir Thomas Apreece, one of the umpires, Joe Ward, his second, by a little manœuvring occupied the attention of the black's seconds, and so managed to prolong the period sufficiently to enable the champion to recover a little and thus assisted him to pull through.

CHAPTER IV.

MOLINEAUX DEFEATS RIMMER.

Bob Gregson, who was fond of match-making, had a young Lancashire man of the name of Rimmer, twenty-two years of age, and considered by his countrymen a second Jem Belcher. His friends were anxious to get him on with Molineaux, being now defeated, and issued a challenge for 100 guineas which was directly answered by Molineaux. The day was fixed for May 21, 1811, and the battleground Mousley. At 1 o'clock on the day appointed Rimmer threw his hat into the 24-foot ring. Molineaux was seconded by Bill Gibbons and Richmond, and Rimmer by Power and Tom Jones. The betting was 3 to 1 on Molineaux.

ROUND 1.—A few minutes were spent in sparring, in which neither man displayed much grace. Rimmer then let go both hands but was short. He got away without a return. At length Molineaux put in a left-handed blow on his opponent's neck with great force. Rimmer returned, but slightly, and fell. (Four to one on Molineaux.)

ROUND 2.—Rimmer again made play and another effort to hit right and left, but the distance was again ill-judged and he got away. Molineaux waited very patiently for him. They rallied and Molineaux made some excellent stops. They broke away and got together again, when Molineaux brought down his opponent by two blows, right and left, and of most astonishing force and quickness.

ROUND 3.—Molineaux appeared much elated with his success, smiled significantly at his opponent and sparred low, evidently to show that he disregarded any effort his opponent might attempt. He waited until Rimmer made play, when he hit him, and followed it up and repeated his blows until Rimmer fell.

ROUND 4.—Rimmer's head was covered with blood and he was stupefied for a time in consequence of a blow on the temple in the last round. Molineaux again put in two successful blows, right and left over his guard, on the head and neck, and Rimmer fell as if shot. Everyone now appreciated the dreadful situation of the novice, and odds rose to any amount in favor of Molineaux, but with no takers.

ROUND 5.—Rimmer evinced great alertness, made a long hit at double distance and fell.

ROUND 6.—Rimmer again hit short and fell, evidently very weak.

ROUND 7.—For the first time Rimmer had the best of the fighting in this round. He put in a good blow with his left and rallied with great courage, but fell at length over his opponent's legs.

ROUND 8.—Both hit over and Rimmer fell.

ROUND 9.—Rimmer exerted every effort to gain his superiority, rallied well and threw Molineaux.

ROUND 10.—Molineaux appeared almost ferocious and went in determined to repay him for past favors. He followed Rimmer, milling him in every part of the ring, and at length grounded him.

ROUND 11.—Rimmer rallied and showed pluck. Some good hits exchanged, but Rimmer hit widely, without judging distance. Molineaux sent in a doubler in the chest and sent his man down.

ROUND 12.—Rimmer made a body hit, which again fell short, and almost in a state of frenzy he ran in, caught Molineaux up by the thighs and threw him. Many cried "foul," others "fair," but the fight went on.

ROUND 13.—Rimmer struck Molineaux over the mouth, when the black went in and threw him.

ROUND 14.—A rally. Rimmer closed and a complete trial of strength ensued. Both fell, Molineaux uppermost.

ROUND 15.—Rimmer retreated around the ring, Molineaux following, and at length by a severe blow brought him down and he was indisputably "dead beat." At this point the ring was broken into, an uproar, which continued for at least twenty minutes, followed. There was no reason assignable. At length, however, by the exertions of Cribb and others the ring was restored, and the combatants who had neither left the ring, were again ready for action. Six rounds more were fought, but greatly to the discomfiture of Rimmer, who could hardly stand. During this time he received about ten more tremendous blows and then gave in.

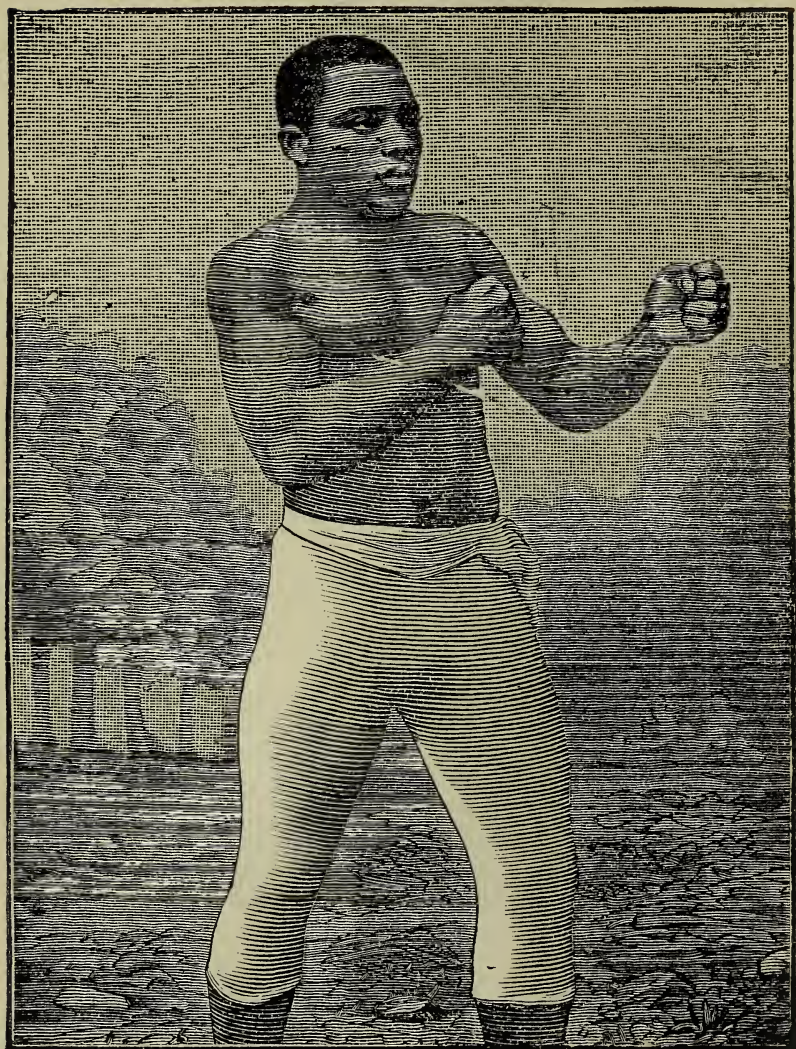
Rimmer had displayed great courage but had to give in to the formidable powers of Molineaux.



MASSA KENDRICK.



BOB SMITH, THE "LIVERPOOL DARKEY."



HARRY WOODSON, OF CINCINNATI, OHIO, "THE BLACK DIAMOND."

No pugilist from this time offered a challenge to Molineaux nor could he get a battle on until Tom Cribb, who had publicly announced his retirement from the ring, was called upon to prevent the championship of England being held by a colored American, and he again agreed to fight Molineaux for the championship.

CHAPTER V.

MOLINEAUX'S SECOND BATTLE WITH TOM CRIBB.

Molineaux's second battle with Tom Cribb was fought on September 28, 1811, at Thistleton Gap, Leicestershire, England. This match, if possible, created more interest than that which preceded it, and for twenty miles around the scene of action not a bed was to be obtained, on the eve of the fight, for love or money. By six o'clock in the morning hundreds were on their way to the fight in order to get a good place, and by the time the men arrived there were about 20,000 persons present, including many men of the highest rank. The men mounted the stage at 12 o'clock, Cribb being the first to show, and both were greeted with loud applause. Cribb's second was his old friend Gully, and Joe Ward was bottle-holder. Bill Richmond and Bill Gibbons officiated for Molineaux. The betting was 3 to 1 on Cribb.

ROUND 1.—Cribb made play right and left. The right-handed blow told slightly on the body of Molineaux, who returned lightly on the head. A rally ensued, they exchanged blows, and Molineaux fell from a smashing blow on the throat. The blows, however, throughout this round, were not at a closeness to do much execution. Betting unaltered.

ROUND 2.—Cribb showed first blood at the mouth. A terrible rally commenced. Cribb put in a good body hit with his right hand, which Molineaux returned on the head with the left. Both combatants now fought at half-arm and exchanged half a dozen hits with great force. They then closed and after a severe trial of strength Molineaux threw his opponent. Odds 6 to 4 on Cribb.

ROUND 3.—In the last rally Cribb's right eye was nearly closed and now another equally sanguinary scene followed. After sparring for wind, in which essential Molineaux was evidently deficient, Cribb put in a terrific "doubler" on the body of his opponent, who, although hit away, kept his legs and renewed the rally with such ferocity that the backers of the odds looked blue. The rally lasted one minute and a half, when the combatants closed and Molineaux again threw Cribb with astonishing force. Odds fell, but Cribb's tried gameness still kept him the favorite.

ROUND 4.—In the rally Cribb had hit right and left at the body and head, but Molineaux hit at the head only. He was so successful with his left hand that he planted many flush hits. Both Cribb's eyes were now damaged, his face was dreadfully disfigured and he bled profusely. Molineaux was evidently in great distress, his chest and sides heaving fearfully. Cribb smiled at such a favorable omen and renewed the rally with a heroism perhaps never excelled, and most adroitly timed blows in abundance were exchanged, Cribb still fighting at the "mark" and Molineaux at the head. At length Cribb fell exhausted.

ROUND 5.—Molineaux accepted the rally and the execution on both sides was terrific. Molineaux had the best of the exchanges and Cribb fell from a blow and received another in falling. This excited some murmurs and applause from the partisans of the contending heroes and on reference to the umpires it was decided "fair." Cribb's hands being at liberty and not having yet touched the ground.

ROUND 6.—Molineaux, distressed for wind and exhausted, lunged right and left. Cribb avoided his blows and then put in a terrific blow with his right, which Molineaux stopped exceedingly well. Cribb now got in a smashing blow on his "mark" which doubled up Molineaux. The men closed, and both rallied seemingly anxious to go in. Molineaux appeared frantic and hit short, capered about and was quite abroad. Cribb followed him across the ring and after some astonishing execution floored him by a tremendous blow at full arm's length. The odds rose five to one.

ROUND 7.—Molineaux seemed lost with rage. He ran in and did some execution, but Cribb got in several straight blows about the throat, stepping back after each. Molineaux bored in until he fell.

ROUND 9.—Molineaux was defeated, and only stood up to take Cribb's ponderous blows. He ran in and Cribb met him with the left. The blow was tremendous and doubled in force by the Black's impetuous rush. Molineaux's jaw was fractured and he fell like a log. He did not come to time within the thirty seconds; but Cribb, wishing to show his superiority, gave away this chance, dancing a hornpipe about the stage until Molineaux got off his second's knee.

ROUND 10.—Molineaux rushed in desperately but was unsuccessful and he fell, evidently from distress.

ROUND 11.—Here ended the contest. Molineaux's senses were evidently knocked out of him. He was unable to stand and so the fight ended.

This battle, which only lasted nineteen minutes ten seconds, left no doubt as to the superiority of Cribb. The science of Molineaux at the opening of the fight was quite equal to that of the champion, but the condition of Cribb was far better, his temper more under restraint and, although there was no question of Molineaux's courage, which almost amounted to ferocity, Cribb was his superior in steady-

ness and self possession. During the battle the crowd applauded both pugilists and many were surprised to find that Molineaux should have found himself necessitated to relinquish the palm in so short a time when he had so obstinately contested the first battle. It is to be considered that in the first battle Cribb was full of flesh and by no means in prime condition, and again, in this battle, although Molineaux had acquired an increased degree of science, he had by his conduct impaired his stamina. Although it has been acknowledged that applause was mutually given, and that in every point Molineaux had fair play shown him, it cannot but be granted that the exulting clamor of congratulation proceeding from the champion's friends when even the slightest advantage seemed to favor him, must have tended to hurt the feelings of the man of color and very probably to have cowed him. It should have been considered that Molineaux was a stranger, that he stood indisputably a man of courage and that he came to the contest unprotected and unsupported by friends of note, while his opponent commanded the patronage of the leading men as well as the natural partialty of his countrymen in his favor. Much has been said of Molineaux's savage denunciations against Cribb, of his vamping professions of what he should like to do to him, and these were thought disgusting enough to have excited animosity against him. But granting that Molineaux was brutish enough to make use of those barbarous expressions imputed to him, we certainly ought to take into consideration the circumstances under which they were uttered.

CHAPTER VI.

MOLINEAUX'S GREAT BATTLE WITH JACK CARTER.

Molineaux's next battle was with Carter, for one hundred guineas, and took place on April 2, 1813, at Remington, Gloucestershire. Previous to the battle articles were read over to the combatants, in which it was stated that the winner was to have a purse of one hundred guineas. When Carter stepped up and asked what the loser was to have, Richmond, who was his second, gnashed his teeth and shrugged his shoulders. Bob Gregson, his friend and patron, anxious as to the result of the contest, and flattering himself that Carter would prove proudly triumphant on this occasion, animatedly exclaimed,

"Jack, never talk of losing, boy! Thee must win! The chance is all in thy favor!"

Joe Ward and Bill Gibbons seconded Molineaux. Odds were 3 to 1 and 6 to 4 on the Black.

It was the opinion of the most experienced pugilists that such a set-to was never before witnessed. One was afraid and the other

"dared not," and two minutes were trifled away in this sort of fooling, when Carter touched and Molineaux gently returned it. They closed and the man of color was thrown. Carter was the best man after the battle began, and continued so throughout the fight. Molineaux was wretched in the extreme, and at one time bolted away from his seconds; and had it not been for his seconds he would never have returned to the scratch. At another period he was down on one knee, and with both hands laid fast hold of the ropes, and being hit in this situation he roared out lustily, "foul!" but he was given to understand that by the laws of boxing no pugilist was considered down without having both knees on the ground, with either one or both hands also. These were the rules governing boxing at the period of which we are writing. In the fifteenth round he was so terrified that, upon being driven to one corner of the ring, he cried out, "oh dear! oh dear! murder!" and soon afterwards he asserted that Carter had bit him on the neck, and it was with great difficulty that Joe Ward could persuade him that it was the knuckles of Carter and not his teeth that had injured him.

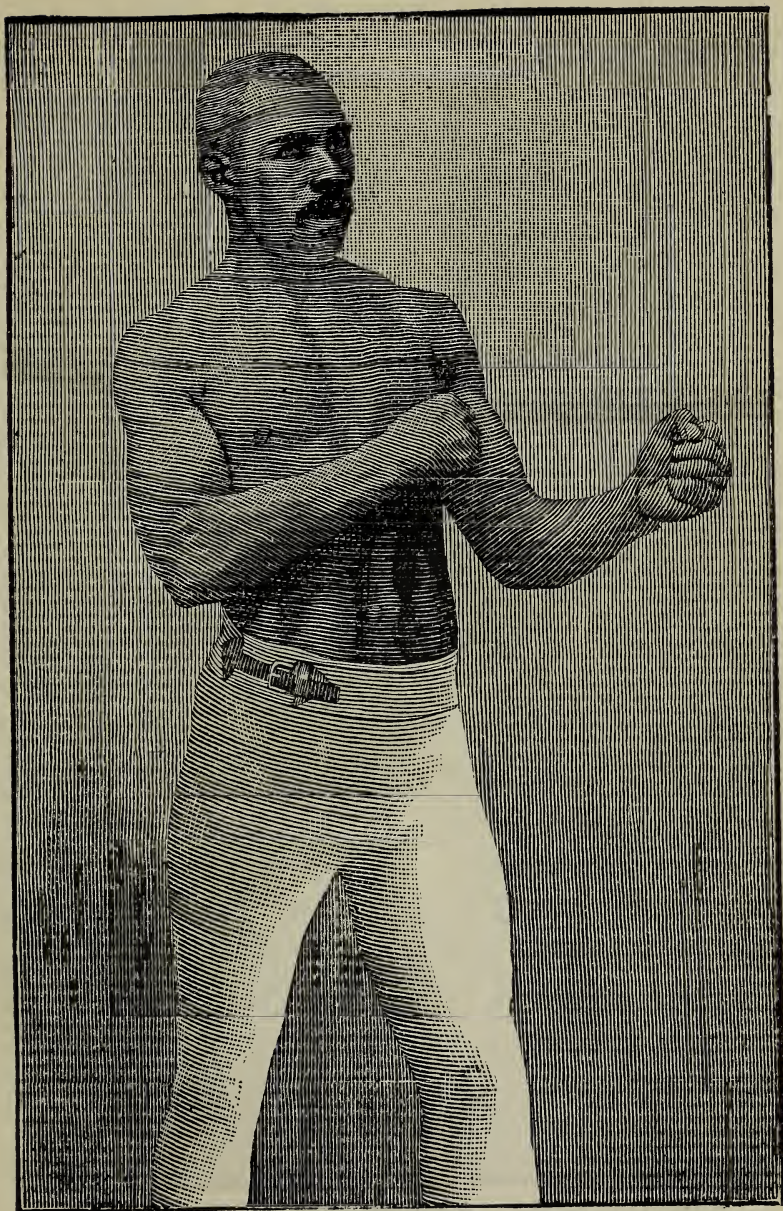
Twenty-five rounds were fought, in which coaxing and threatening were resorted to in order to make the man of color perform something like fighting. But to the great astonishment of all the spectators, when Molineaux was dead beat, Carter fainted and dropped his head as he sat upon the knee of his second. With all the exertions of Richmond it seems that he could not arouse Carter from this state, and he thus lost the battle in not coming to time.

Molineaux once more started on a tour, extending it this time to Scotland, where he exhibited, sparring in all the principal towns. But pleasure soon became the order of the day, and this not only tended to ease him of his cash, but soon undermined that overwhelming power and pluck so conspicuously displayed in his terrible combats with the mighty Cribb. The consequence of such a line of conduct need be scarcely dwelt on. The iron frame of the black soon seriously felt the ravaging effects of intemperance.

CHAPTER VII.

MOLINEAUX AND FULLER MILL.

After the above recorded battle Fuller, a clever and well informed man who had beaten Bill Jay, and whose character for science and gameness entitled him to every consideration, fancied that he was able to contend with this renowned milling hero, and, in order to facilitate a match between them, sporting men entered into a subscription purse of 100 guineas, to be fought for in a forty-foot ring.



M'HENRY JOHNSON.



C. A. C. SMITH.

Early in the morning on the day of May 27, 1814, at Bishopstorf, Paisley, Ayrshire, the fancy were in motion.

Molineaux was seconded by Carter, and Fuller had Joe Ward and Geo. Cooper. At one o'clock the men shook hands. Both the pugilists displayed good science, but the blows of Fuller, although he put in several with much dexterity, appeared more showy than effective. The battle had only lasted eight minutes when the sheriff, accompanied by constables, entered the ring and put a stop to the mill in the fourth round. Both men appeared much chagrined, particularly Molineaux, who declared that had he foreseen such an interruption he would have finished off his opponent before the arrival of the sheriff. Molineaux, it seems, was so confident of victory that previous to the fight he bet five to two that he drew first blood, and two to one that he floored Fuller first. Fuller expressed himself ready to settle the matter the next day, but Molineaux insisted that the fight should not take place till the following Tuesday. The latter arrangement was agreed to and on May 31 they again met at Auchineaux, twelve miles from Glasgow. Fuller was again attended by Ward and Cooper, and Molineaux by an Irish sergeant and a private. The umpires were Capt. Cadogan and Geo. Stirling, and in case of dispute Mr. Graham as referee. This battle is without parallel, there is nothing like it in the annals of pugilism. The following is a description of the battle :

ROUND 1.—Fuller displayed some good positions and convinced the spectators that he was a very sensible boxer. His guard was firm and imposing and he seemed confident of success. They sparred; at length, Fuller, by a tremendous blow drew the cork of his antagonist. Molineaux became very impetuous and attacked Fuller fiercely, but the latter stopped him with much adroitness and gave him some nobbing returns. A desperate rally now took place, during which severe milling was dealt out on both sides. The men broke away and again resorted to sparring. Fuller's nose was much peppered and the claret flowed profusely. At length Molineaux was levelled by a tremendous blow and the round finished after a lapse of twenty-eight minutes.

ROUND 2.—Suffice it to be observed in this round that nearly every "dodge" of the milling art was resorted to from beginning to end. The skill, practice and experience of both pugilists was made use of to the best advantage. Fuller proved himself a boxer of more than ordinary science and gameness. Molineaux was convinced that he had a troublesome customer to deal with and one who required serving out in a masterly style before he could be satisfied. In fact, the strength of "the black" seemed materially deteriorated as compared with his former exhibitions, when he used to hit his man away from him and level his opponent adroitly. The severe blows of Fuller who stuck close to Molineaux, made him wince again. "The black" appeared much exhausted from the great portion required to give and

heartily tired of what he had to take. The claret was liberally tapped on both sides and, as regarded Fuller, stauncher gameness was never displayed by any pugilist. Upon the whole, it was a truly singular fight and the spectators witnessed the most unique specimen of prize fighting.

In sixty-eight minutes two rounds had only taken place. The contest terminated in rather a singular manner, Molineaux asserted that Joe Ward had committed a foul in pulling Fuller down when he was much distressed and had been beaten all over the ring in a rally, and that this prevented him from putting in a decisive blow. The umpires decided that it was so and the purse was awarded to Molineaux. The conduct of Fuller in this fight gave such satisfaction that a purse of 50 guineas was presented to him.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MOLINEAUX-COOPER FIGHT.

Molineaux's next opponent was George Cooper. This battle took place on March 10, 1815. At 12.30 Molineaux and Cooper appeared in the ring, and Oliver, a Yorkshireman, seconded Cooper, and Joe Ward and Richmond looked after Molineaux. The betting was 6 to 4 on the Black. The following is an account of the fight :

ROUND 1.—Silence prevailed, and the Caledonians appeared anxiously interested to witness the opening attack. Considerable sparring took place, both men being aware of the milling talents possessed by the other. Molineaux commenced offensive operations right and left, and Cooper, in return, put in a sharp "bodyer," but in slipping received a hit which sent him under the ropes.

ROUND 2.—Milling without ceremony, and both pugilists on their mettle. Molineaux planted a sharp nobber, but received for this favor two tremendous rib-roasters that made him wince and gasp for breath. Some blows were exchanged in closing. Both down.

ROUND 3.—Molineaux, with the most determined spirit, kept fighting at his opponent's head, while Cooper directed most of his blows at the body. Some heavy blows passed, and in a desperate rally against the ropes the claret was first observed upon Cooper. However, the round was finished to his advantage, for he hit the man of color through the ropes.

ROUND 4.—Molineaux appeared at the scratch rather distressed from the last round. Cooper, full of gaiety, took the lead and floored Molineaux in grand style. Two to one on Molineaux.

ROUND 5.—The superiority of Cooper was conspicuous. He

stopped the fury of the Black with skill, nobbed him at will, and again sent him down. Any odds on Cooper.

ROUND 6.—Molineaux was growing weak. Cooper having the best of him, eventually put in a tremendous facer which floored the Black like a shot.

ROUNDS 7 TO 9.—In these rounds the best of the fighting was decidedly on the part of Cooper. Molineaux was hit down every time.

ROUND 10.—“The black,” still determined, rallied Cooper against the ropes and some hard fighting followed, but Cooper planted so desperate a blow on his opponent’s body that he went down quite rolled up, his head falling against the stake.

ROUND 11.—Molineaux, despite his defects and falling off, astonished the spectators by the gallant manner in which he fought this round. Some terrible exchanges of blows were witnessed, when “the black” again rallied Cooper to the ropes. In closing Molineaux was severely fibbed, but broke from his antagonist and cleverly floored him by a heavy blow upon the face. From great exertion, however, Molineaux fell exhausted. This rather reduced the odds.

ROUND 12.—Cooper appeared at the scratch eager to finish “the black” whom he nobbed repeatedly and completely hit off his legs. The man of color was sick and fell heavily.

ROUND 13.—Molineaux was sent down as soon as he toed the scratch.

ROUND 14.—“The black” could scarcely leave the knee of his second, and upon meeting his man he was again floored. The battle was thus at an end, twenty minutes only having elapsed.

From the superior style of Cooper in this battle he rose high in the opinion of the “Scotch fancy,” and on this occasion he entered the ring in good condition. Molineaux trusted principally to his weight and strength.

CHAPTER IX.

BILL RICHMOND, THE BLACK TERROR.

Bill Richmond, “The Black Terror,” was born at Cuckhold’s Town, now Richmond, Staten Island, N. Y., on August 5, 1763. His mother was a slave to a reverend divine named George C. Charlton. In 1777, when English troops held New York under sufferance during the War of Independence, General Earl Percy, finding Richmond to possess good capacity, took him under protection to England. Richmond was apprenticed to a cabinet maker and served out his apprenticeship.

He had a liking for fine clothes and the service of a “gran’ massa,”

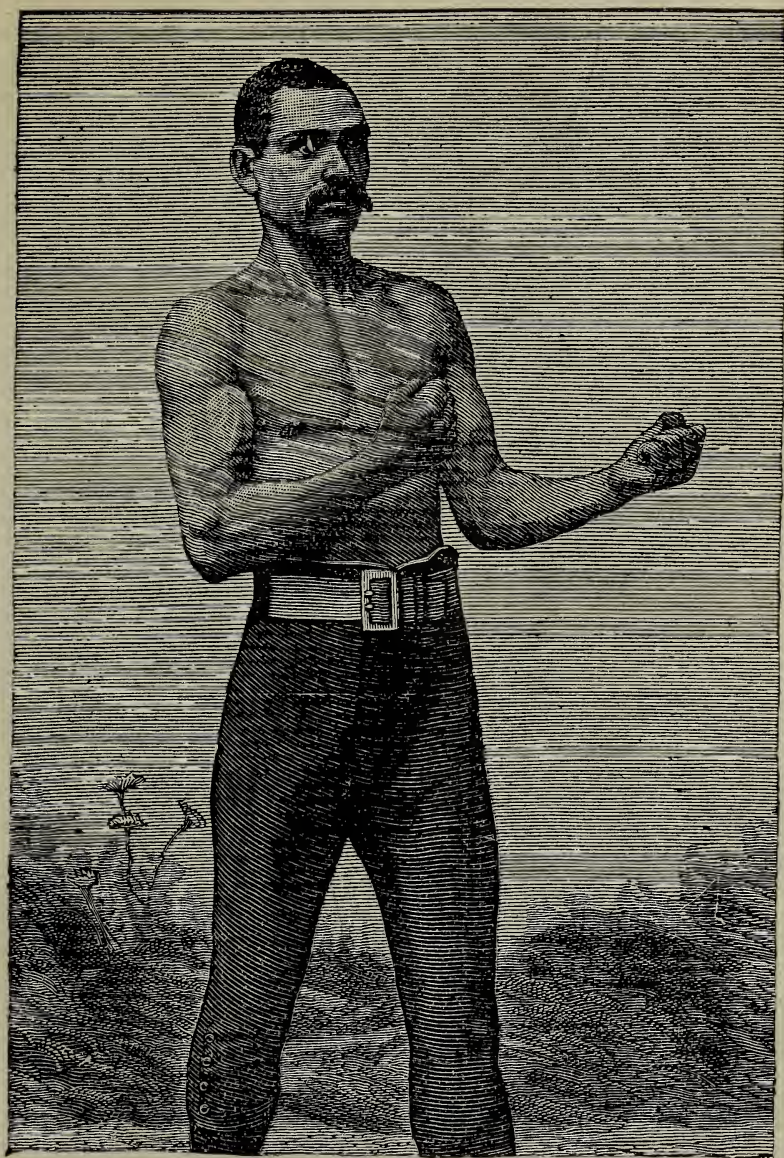
and as colored servants were all the rage, he became a valet of Lord Camelford, a fast nobleman, who believed in sports of the turf, pit and ring. Richmond was well proportioned, possessing considerable strength, the necessary requisite for milling. He stood five feet nine inches in height and weighed 168 lbs.

Richmond's first display in the pugilistic art which brought him into notice was with George Moore, better known as "Docky Moore," a soldier in the 19th Regiment. Moore could box and fight every and all styles and bounced over the weak-hearted and was known as the fighting hero of Sheffield. Moore was nearly five feet eleven inches in height and weighed 198 lbs. The friends of Richmond persuaded him to give up the idea of fighting such a formidable opponent, but Richmond refused to listen to them. The fight took place and the American black put the fighting Sheffield hero to sleep in twenty-five minutes, and punished him so severely that he had to be carried from the ring.

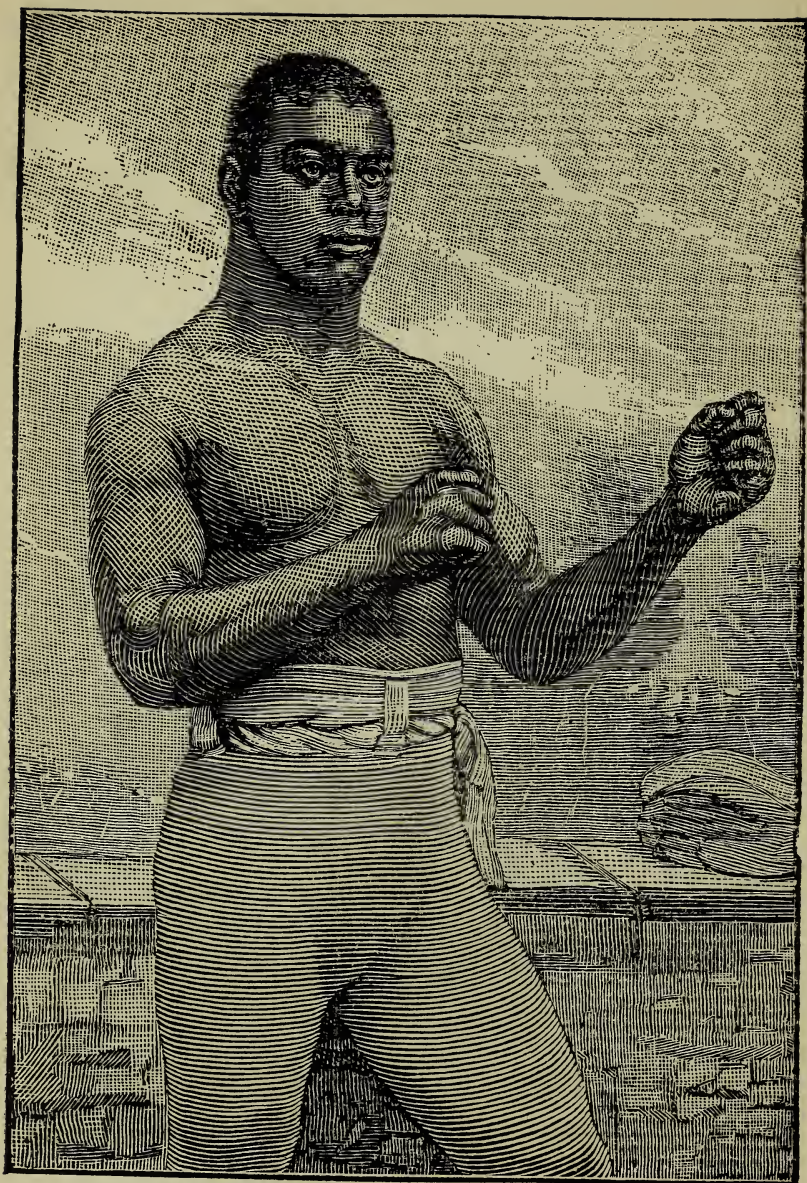
A few days after this Richmond beat two Inneskillen dragoons on the York race course. He then defeated a blacksmith weighing 190 lbs., and thrashed Frank Myers for calling him a black devil. These affairs were all private disputes, and Richmond's first public display was with Paddy Green, at the White Conduit House, London. Richmond thrashed Green easily. Seabrooke, a dustman, having been conquered by George Maddox, Richmond, who was present, asked his employer to match him against Maddox. A stake was posted and the battle was of short duration for Maddox knocked Richmond down three times and finally closed his eyes and put him to sleep.

Richmond's next battle was on May 21, 1805, with Youssep, a Jew, for 10 guineas. Richmond won cleverly in six rounds and his victory raised his credit as a pugilist and he had numerous challenges. Jack Holmes, the coachman, who on January 4, 1804, defeated Tom Blake (Tom Tough), challenged Richmond to fight for 50 guineas. The match was arranged, Peter Ward finding the shekels for Holmes, while Fletcher Reid put up the guineas for the American black. The battle was fought at Kilburn Wells, England, on July 8, 1805. The battle was fought in a twenty-one foot ring. Paddington Jones seconded Richmond, while Tom Blake seconded his old antagonist. Twenty-six rounds were fought when Richmond knocked Holmes senseless and was declared the winner. The battle lasted thirty-nine minutes. Among the notabilities who witnessed this mill were Tom Cribb, Jack Ward, John Gully, Dan Mendoza, Tom Belcher, Bill Ryan, Hon. Berkley Craven, Thomas Sheridan, Fletcher Reid and Lord Camelford.

After this battle Richmond challenged Tom Cribb and a match was made for 25 guineas. The battle was fought at Hailsham in Sussex, England, on October 8, 1805. To call it a battle, however, is nonsensical. It was an unequal match. Richmond, finding he



GEO. GODFREY, OF BOSTON, MASS.



HARRIS MARTIN, OF ST. PAUL, MINN., THE "BLACK PEARL."

could not get at Cribb, hopped and danced about the ring, sometimes falling down, at other times jiggling round in the style of a Choctaw war dance. Cribb appeared puzzled by his opponent's long "black pegs," and could not be persuaded to go in and finish the battle. One hour and a half was spun out when Cribb was declared the winner.

Cribb's victory appeared to rob Richmond of all his ambition, for he did not figure in any contest until three years had elapsed, when he met Carter, on Epsom Downs, on April 14, 1809.

Carter was much the stronger, and a heavier man than Richmond; who in a turn-up with those heroes of the fist, Jem Belcher and Jack Gully, had convinced them both that he was no trifler, and now having expressed his fancy for a mill with Richmond, the latter, without hesitation, informed Carter that he should be accommodated.

Bob Clarke and Paddington Jones seconded Richmond. Betting was 7 to 1 against Richmond and in the fourth round the odds ran so high against the American black that 20 to 1 was offered that Carter would win, and 10 to 1 that Richmond would not come to the scratch for the fifth round. This great odds was occasioned by a severe blow that Richmond received on the side of the head that rendered him nearly senseless. But Richmond, soon recovering from this momentary disadvantage, showed off his science in such good style that in the course of twenty-five minutes Carter was whipped. After Richmond was declared the winner he jumped over the ropes to thrash "China-Eyed Brown" for abusing him, but was prevented. Richmond's backer, in this battle, was Sir Clement Brigg, Bart.

Richmond's next battle was with "Atkinson of Bandbury," a muscular canaler. They fought for a purse near Hendon and Richmond won in 20 minutes. Richmond then defeated Ike Wood, a waterman, at Combe Wood, near Kingston, England, on April 11, 1809. Richmond won in 23 rounds.

Richmond had always suffered in reputation from his first display with George Maddox, on the result of which battle Lord Camelford is said to have lost heavily, and, anxious to retrieve his credit, he was continually carping and proposing matches to Maddox.

Maddox, who was 54 years of age, agreed to fight Richmond, and on Aug. 9, 1809, they fought in a 27 foot ring at Pope's Head Watchhouse, England. Betting was 6 to four on Maddox. Jack Ward and Bob Clarke seconded Richmond, and John Gully and Bill Gibbons seconded Maddox.

The fighting was desperate. In the first round Richmond knocked Maddox down and in the next Maddox threw the Black through the ropes. In the third round Richmond punished Maddox terribly and threw him with force which astonished every spectator. Betting was now 4 to 1 on Richmond. The bravery of Maddox, however, spun out the battle for fifty-two minutes, and when within a few minutes of the termination of the contest, when quite blind and when he

was on his knees, by a sudden effort he sprang up, and, holding Richmond round the neck with his left hand, continued to deal out tremendous hits with the other. But nature was at length exhausted, and he fell, and Richmond was hailed the winner.

On May 1, 1810, a large party of pugilists dined at the Castle (then called Bob's Chop House), in Holborn, London. Among the party were John Gully, Bill Richmond, Tom Belcher, Jackson and Tom Cribb. Richmond there agreed to fight Power, a well-known fighting man. Richmond had just seconded Dogherty, who had defeated young Cribb, and many supposed that he was tired out. A battle was arranged and a purse of £20 was offered. Tom Cribb and Baronet—seconded Richmond, while Col— and Bill Gibbons seconded Power.

Richmond, early in the contest, proved that he out-classed Power, and he won in fifteen minutes. Two pounds from the purse consoled Power for his defeat, while Richmond sat down to wine, without a black eye, and £18 richer.

Richmond then opened a sporting house, the "Horse and Dolphin," in St. Martin's Lane, and as he was a shrewd fellow his house was well patronized.

After the Molineaux and Carter battle in 1813, Richmond challenged the winner to fight for £200 but no response was made to his offer. In April, 1814, five years after Richmond appeared in the ring, to the astonishment of many he declared his intention of contending for the first prize of 50 guineas given by the Pugilistic Club, at Combe Wood. Davis, a powerful pugilist, who had thumped his way into notice by defeating several pugilists, was selected to meet Richmond. Davis was 23 years of age, 5 feet 11 inches in height and weighed 180 lbs. Richmond weighed 170 lbs. and was 52 years of age.

THE RICHMOND-DAVIS BATTLE.

The following is a full report of the battle :

ROUND 1.—From the well known science of Richmond, and his peculiar forte of hitting and getting away, considerable interest was excited. Davis being under the guidance of the veteran Joe Ward, it was presumed by the fancy that the navigator would be made awake to the dangerous mode of his antagonist, and be on the alert not to be cut up and spoiled before his powers could be fairly brought into action. Davis did not want for confidence, he made a good hit with his left, which was stopped by Richmond, who also returned right and left, but without material effect. Davis, anxious to make a beginning, and full of vigor, followed up his man, and planted a smart blow on Richmond's temple with his right which knocked him down instantly. Betting took a lift and 7 to 4 was lordly vociferated upon Davis.

ROUND 2.—Spirited exchanges and some heavy blows passed. Richmond drew the cork of his antagonist, nevertheless the man of color was again levelled. 2 to 1 was sported upon Davis, in the exultation of the moment, by his friends.

ROUND 3.—Richmond began to show off the mastery of the art, milling the nob of his antagonist severely and getting away. Davis, with much resolution, bored in, when, after closing, both went down, Richmond undermost.

ROUND 4.—Richmond rallied in fine style, and with his left hand put in a most tremendous blow, which irritated Davis so much that he suffered his passion to get uppermost, and rushed in furiously, but, his distance being short, Richmond went down from a slight touch of the mouth. Davis bled profusely.

ROUND 5.—The skill of Richmond in this round burst forth so conspicuously, that the doubtful were satisfied of his superiority. Confident in himself and with science and courage united, he nobly opposed a rally, and got away with uncommon dexterity, punishing the head of Davis terribly with every retreating step. The navigator in pursuing, threw nearly all his blows away, when Richmond, quite unexpectedly, stopped short and planted so severe a teaser on the mouth of Davis that sent him quickly on the grass. Even betting.

ROUND 6.—Davis, from the severity of the last hit was unable to gain any advantage over Richmond, who again took the lead in high style, milling and dropping his antagonist.

ROUND 7.—The manner of Davis was much altered, and he appeared distressed. His temper forsook him, and he still kept boring after Richmond, who milled him in every direction, and at length put in so tremendous a blow on his jaw, that, in his confusion, he made blows without any sort of direction, till he hit himself down under the ropes.

ROUND 8.—Davis, in a rally, hit Richmond slightly on the mouth, the latter kept punishing his adversary severely, and getting away. In closing, Richmond went down.

ROUND 9.—The inferiority of Davis was apparent. In science he was by no means competent and his strength was much reduced by the skill of his opponent. Richmond continued his retreating system with great success, and put in so weighty a blow under the ear of Davis that he was instantly down.

ROUND 10.—This round was of little importance, the men closed and fell, but Richmond undermost.

ROUND 11.—Richmond completely spoiled his antagonist. Davis was going in to smash the black in haste, but met with such a stopper right in the wind that completely changed his course. He reeled again. Davis now closed, and endeavored to throw Richmond, which

he accomplished, fell upon his latter end, his head rolling towards the ground, distressed beyond measure.

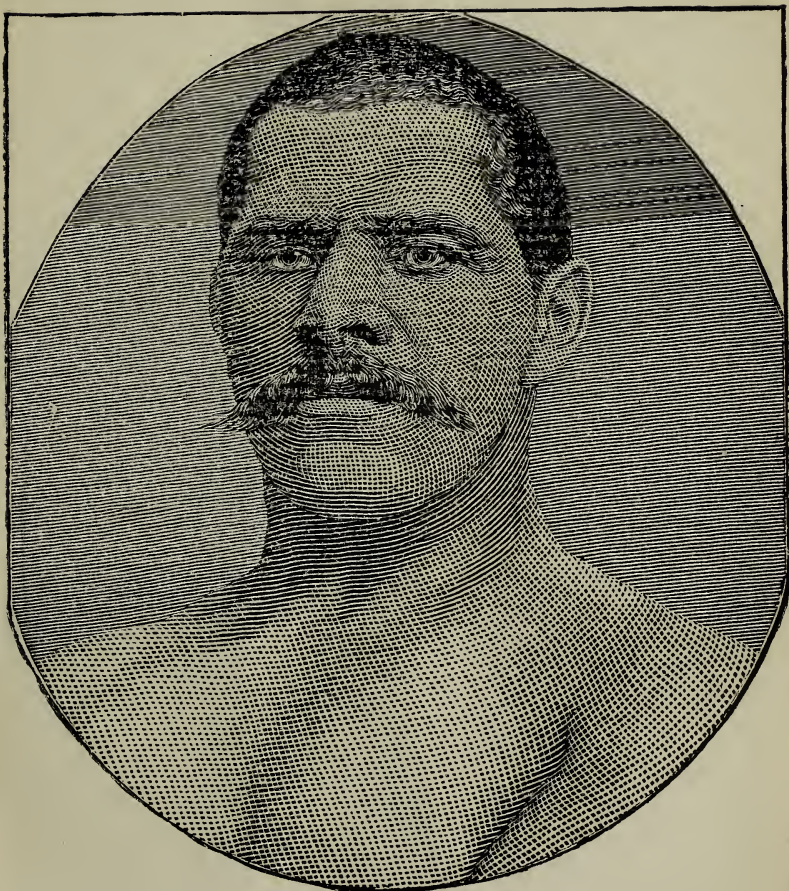
ROUND 12.—Had Davis possessed the strength of a giant, it must have been exhausted by the mode in which he fought. Notwithstanding the severe remembrances he had received in the preceding rounds, he had gained no experience from them, but still kept following Richmond all over the ring, hitting wide and losing himself. The black kept punishing, but received nothing, retreating, retreating, and retreating again, and at almost every step made woeful havoc on the nob of his adversary, completely showing the spectators what might be accomplished by scientific movements. At length he suddenly made a stand, and, his distance proving correct, with his right hand hit the mouth of Davis with such uncommon severity, that he went down like a log of wood. Numerous bettors but no takers.

ROUND 13.—It was plain that Davis was nearly finished; he appeared stupid, and his efforts were feeble. Richmond put an end to the combat by sending him partly under the ropes. Davis could not come again.

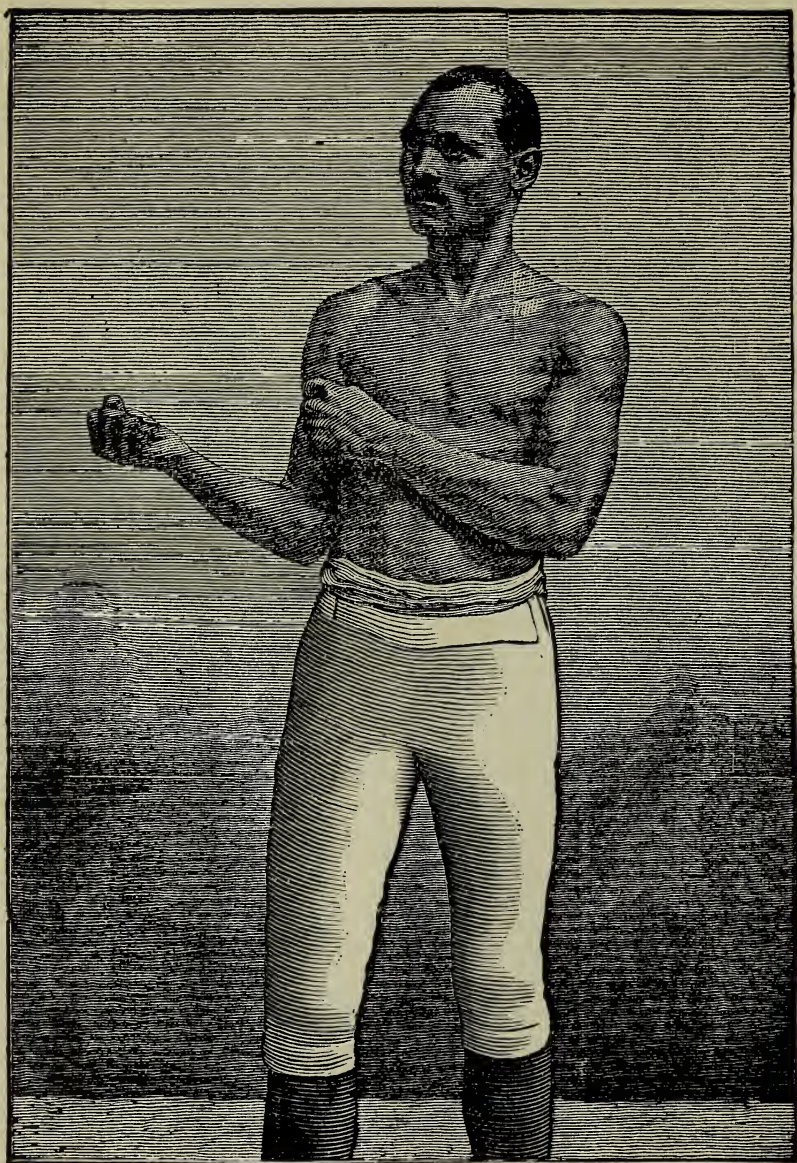
Upon Richmond being declared the conqueror, he leaped over the ropes, which were nearly five feet in height, with the agility of a tumbler. He received little hurt, except a blow on the temple, and a slight touch on the mouth. On the contrary, Davis was so dreadfully punished that he was supported off the ground. The battle continued twenty minutes. Richmond remained on the ground during the sports of the day, without inconvenience from this conflict.

Richmond's next battle was with Tom Shelton for £25. The battle was fought at Moulsey Hurst, Aug. 11, 1815. Richmond won in 23 rounds, fought in 29 minutes. This was Richmond's last regular appearance in the P. R., yet his rooms in Whitcomb Street, Haymarket, were highly patronized by the nobility and gentry; and about this period Lord Byron became acquainted with him, as may be seen in his lordship's *Life and Journals* edited by Thomas Moore. His athletic form, though fast approaching threescore years of age, his civility, self-control, and temperate habits, compelled the respect of all who knew him; and that "still beneath the snow of age slept the fire of youth" was well proven by a casual affair, in which the veteran man of color was involved by the violent conduct of Jack Carter, then known as the "Lancashire Hero," and aspiring to the championship of England.

The latter pugilist had lately returned from the Continent, intoxicated by the applause he had received at Aix-la-Chapelle, and he had "crept so much into favor with himself," that he annoyed several companies he went into with his vast prowess, and his challenge to fight any man in the world. This conduct he carried to such excess on Thursday evening, November 12, 1818, at a respectable tavern in the neighborhood of Chancery Lane, that the company rose in a body



MERVINE THOMPSON.



PROF. CHARLES HADLEY.

and put him out of the room by force. The degradation of being thus ousted so raised his choler that he roared out, "Is there one among you dare face Jack Carter?" Richmond, who was present, answered that he did not fear him, whereon Carter defied him to a bout, and a turn-up commenced, *sans ceremonie*, in the yard belonging to the house, where three bustling rounds took place. The report is from "Boxiana."

THE FIGHT.

ROUND 1.—Science was not much in request. A few random hits, however, were exchanged. In closing, Carter endeavored to weave the man of color, and, in going down, Richmond had the worst of the fall. Carter held Richmond so fast, that his friends were obliged to pull the man of color away, in the struggle the buttons of Richmond's coat were floored. Upon the Lancashire hero getting up, the claret was seen trickling over his mouth.

ROUND 2.—This round was full of bustle, in fact it was pummeling and hugging each other, but Richmond was not idle, and had the best of it till they went down.

ROUND 3 AND LAST.—This was the quietus, and the man of color was not long in putting in the *coup de grace*. Carter seemed confused, when Richmond planted one of his desperate right-handed hits (for which he was so distinguished in the ring) upon Carter's upper works, that not only loosened his ivories, but produced the claret and floored the late hero of Aix-la-Chapelle like a shot. He laid stunned for a short period, whence once more feeling the use of his legs, he exclaimed, "I've been finely served out this evening."

Thus ended the skirmish and Carter retired weeping over the stupidity of the fracas and folly of intemperance. "Oh that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains!"

Richmond may be pointed to as one of the men who never lost sight of the situation in which he was placed in society. In the elevation of the moment, he always bore in mind that, however the Corinthian fancier may connect himself with milling, there are times when he has a different character to support, and must not be intruded upon. Would that many of our white-faced boxers would take a hint on this point from Bill Richmond, the Black.

Thus respected and supported lived Bill Richmond, till the universal visitor, grim Death, gave him his final summons, on the 28th of December, 1829, at the house now occupied by Owen Swift (the Horse-shoe Tavern), Titchbourne Street, Haymarket, London, England, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

CHAPTER X.

JEM WHARTON—"MOLINEAUX, THE MOROCCO PRINCE."

Jem Wharton, the colored pugilist, better known as "Molineaux, the Morocco Prince," stood five feet ten inches in height, and weighed 154 lbs. He was born in Virginia, in 1813 and went to England in 1820, on board a merchant steamer. He was a skillful boxer, possessed great stamina and courage and fought nine battles in the ring and was never defeated. One of the distinguished pugilists he conquered was Hammer Lane, who fought Yankee Sullivan. In order to show that Wharton was really a first-class pugilist, we summarize his battles.

On April 16, 1833, he defeated Jack McKeever, for £10 a side, at Whitestone, England, in 38 rounds, lasting 54 minutes. He then beat Bill Evans in 27 rounds, lasting 41 minutes, at Greenstreet Green, England, October 21, 1834. At Colney Heath, England, January 20, 1835, he beat Dave Wilsden, for £20, in 12 rounds, lasting 22 minutes. He followed up his victories by defeating Bill Fisher for £50 in 49 rounds, one hour, ten minutes. The battle was fought at Newcastle, Nov. 25, 1835. Wharton had now gained four victories and quite a reputation. He was next matched against Tom Britton for £100. The battle was fought at Cheshire, England, Feb. 9, 1836. It was a protracted struggle. Two hundred rounds were fought in four hours, seven minutes, when neither man was able to stand up and the battle was declared a draw. This battle stamped Wharton as the most courageous colored pugilist who ever stood in the ring. After this battle the Morocco Prince had a host of followers and he was matched to meet Harry Preston for £100 a side. The battle was fought at Newcastle, England, April 16, 1837, and the colored pugilist won in 16 rounds, lasting one hour, one minute. He next defeated Bill Renwick for £50 at Newcastle, England, Oct. 31, 1837. The battle lasted two hours, seventeen minutes, during which eighty rounds were fought. Renwick challenged the black to fight again for £200. The match was made and the fight was decided at Shap Fells, England, on June 18, 1839. Seventy-four rounds were fought in one hour and five minutes, when the Morocco Prince was again victorious.

The famous colored pugilist's last battle was with the renowned Hammer Lane for £200. It was fought at Worksop Notts, England, on June 9, 1840. The Morocco Prince was again victorious, winning in 53 rounds, lasting one hour and twelve minutes.

Wharton died at Liverpool, England, sixteen years after his battle with Hammer Lane, and was buried on April 26, 1856.

CHAPTER XI.

BOB SMITH—"THE LIVERPOOL DARKEY."

Bob Smith, the well-known pugilist, was another colored man who gained considerable fistic fame in the prize ring. He stood 5 feet 10 inches in height, and weighed 146 lbs. when trained. He, also, was an American, having been born in Washington, D. C., in 1840. After leaving the United States, he made Liverpool, England, his residence, and his eagerness for a mill gained him the name of "The Liverpool Darkey."

Smith first came into prominence by defeating "The Liverpool Greyhound," a pugilist who had gained considerable notoriety by conquering sailor fighters and runners along the docks at Liverpool. After Smith had subdued "The Greyhound," he was matched against Harry Burgess for £50, to fight at 146 lbs. The battle was fought at the Point of Ayr, September 15, 1863, and "The Liverpool Darkey" won in forty-three rounds, lasting fifty-three minutes. He was then matched to fight Harry Allen (brother of Tom Allen), for £30 a side. The battle was fought at Hilbury Island, on the Mersey, England, February 20, 1864. Forty-nine rounds were fought, and Smith was winning, when Allen's friends, the famous "Birmingham mob," broke down the ring. Smith had Allen fought to a stand-still, and he got the decision.

Tom Allen, disgusted with his brother's defeat, challenged Smith, and they fought for £10, near Liverpool, England, June 2, 1864. Smith found Tom Allen a hard customer to conquer, and superior to his brother Harry, but, nevertheless, Smith won in fifty rounds, lasting two hours and forty-nine minutes. After this victory the colored pugilist had plenty of backers, and when Harry Allen challenged him to fight again for £50 a side, Smith did not have to look for backers. A match was made for them to fight at 146 lbs., for £100. Allen was a big favorite, but Smith had plenty of supporters. The battle was fought at Woodhead, Surrey, February 21, 1865, and Smith again won, after a desperate battle, which lasted two hours and eighteen minutes, during which 29 rounds were fought.

CHAPTER XII.

BOB TRAVERS, THE BLACK.

One of the most prominent colored pugilists that ever stood in the prize ring and battled manfully for fame, was Bob Travers, "The Black Wonder." Travers, whose correct name was Charles Jones,

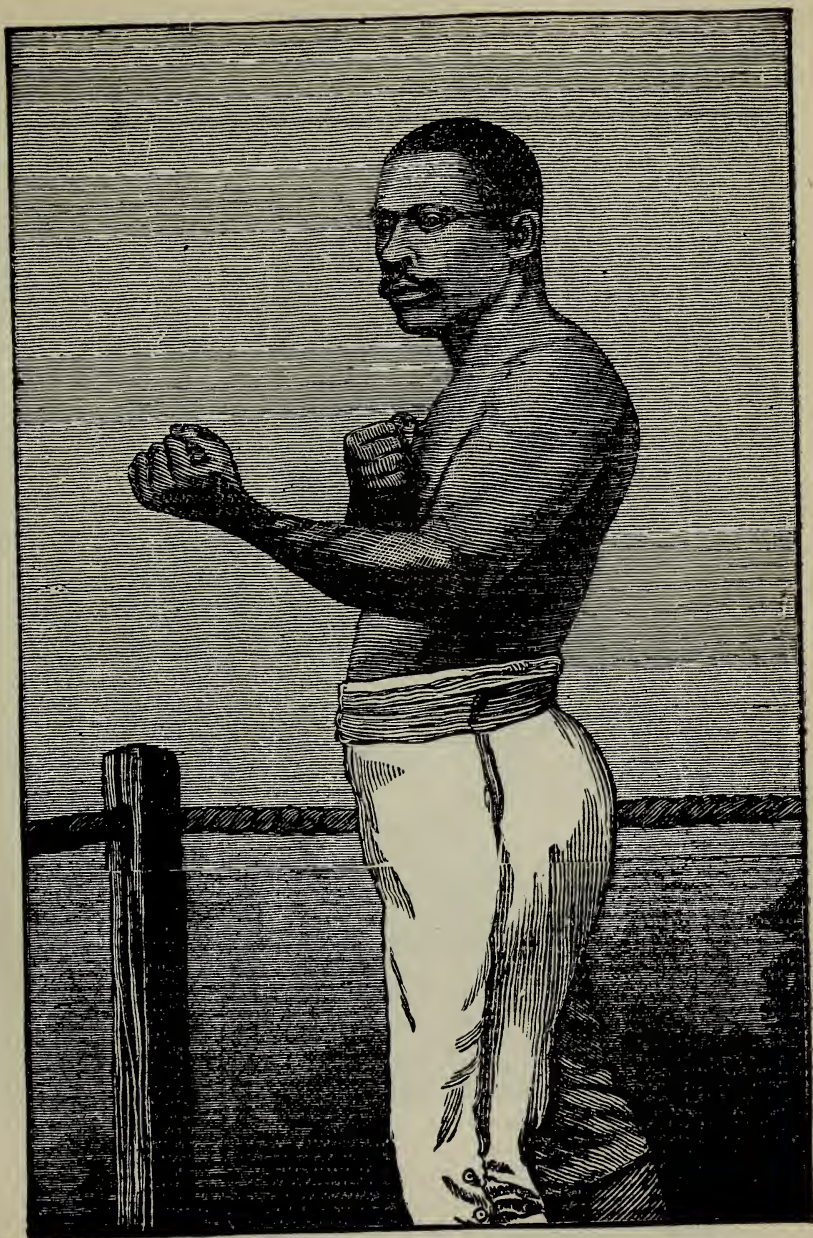
fought more battles in the orthodox twenty-four foot ring than any pugilist living or dead. Travers was not what is known in sporting parlance as a glove fighter, but a genuine first-class pugilist. He flourished in an era in pugilism when there were numerous first-class exponents of the manly art who were always ready for a mill, no matter how large the stakes or purse. A full history of Bob Travers and his many encounters in the fistic circle would fill a volume.

Travers' battle with Jem Mace, which was fought in two rings, six desperate rounds being fought in the first, and forty in the second, proved Travers to be a wonder, and then the great colored pugilist was not knocked out but lost by a foul for falling without a blow.

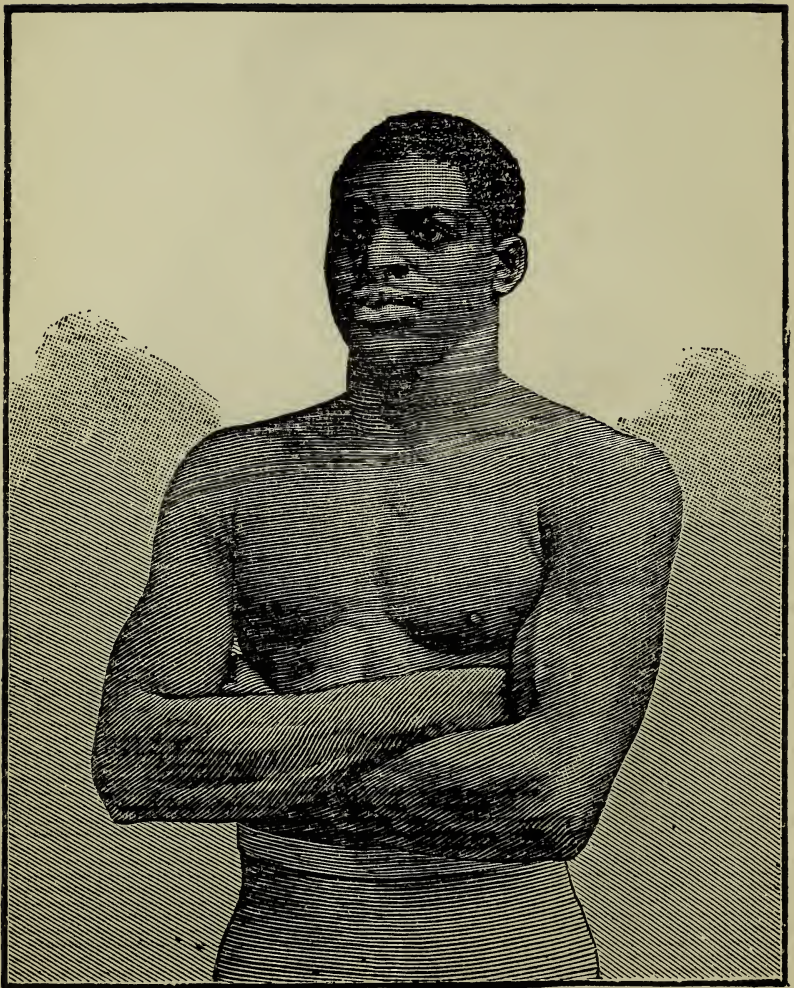
We have not the space to publish in detail Travers' many battles, but give them in a complete and condensed form :

Beat Jim Malvern in 40 rounds, lasting 1 hour 40 minutes, April 10, 1854. Fought a draw with George Baker, 10 rounds, 23 minutes, when police interfered, at Tilbury, Eng., October 20, 1855. On November 3, 1855, he beat George Baker in 10 rounds, lasting 20 minutes, at Long Reach, Eng. Beat Jesse Hatton in 30 rounds, 1 hour 16 minutes, at Combe Bottom, Eng., February 5, 1856. Beat George Crockett, £100, in 37 rounds, May 13, 1856, at Engham, Eng. He was defeated by Job Cobley, the "Elastic Potboy," after fighting 110 rounds in 3 hours 27 minutes, at Halfway House, Eng., August 19, 1856. Beat Jack Cleghorne (who killed Dan Reilly after fighting 48 rounds, 2 hours 30 minutes, on March 11, 1846), for £100 a side, in 36 rounds, 1 hour 27 minutes, on the banks of the Medway, Eng., on June 20, 1857. Beat the celebrated Bill Hayes, for £200, in 78 rounds, lasting 3 hours 45 minutes, at Medway, Eng., on May 13, 1857. Travers then defeated the renowned Mike Madden for £200, in 45 rounds, 1 hour 37 minutes, at Ashford, Eng., April 5, 1859. Travers then met Jem Mace for £200. Six rounds were fought in 21 minutes, on February 21, 1860, when the police interfered. They met the next day and fought 57 rounds in 91 minutes, when Travers fell without a blow and Mace was declared the winner. Travers then fought Badger Crutchley for £100. The battle was fought on April 30, 1861. Three rounds were fought in 44 minutes, when the police interfered and Crutchley refused to renew the battle, and Travers was declared the winner. Travers then beat Bos Tyler for £100, near London, Eng., Dec. 12, 1861. Travers won in 17 rounds, 1 hour 3 minutes. Travers was then beaten by Patsy Reardon. The battle was fought near London on July 15, 1862. Seven rounds were fought in 37 minutes when the police stopped hostilities. They met on July 16 and fought 53 rounds in 4 hours 5 minutes, when Travers gave up. Travers was also beaten by Jem Dillon. They fought for £400, in two rings, at Twyford and Goring, Eng. Dillon won in 54 rounds, 2 hours 2 minutes 6 seconds.

One of Bob Travers' greatest battles was with Patsy Reardon for



GEORGE TAYLOR, OF NEW YORK.



VIRO SMALL, "BLACK SAM," OF VERMONT.

£200, both men being restricted to weigh 142 lbs. Reardon had not been so long before the public as his opponent, having commenced his career by beating Smith, of Brighton, for £25 a side—on January 27, 1860. On the 1st of May following he fought Jack Rooke, of Birmingham, for £50 a side, a drawn battle. In April, 1861, he fought another draw with Shipp, of Bristol. He then got into disgrace for a "barneying" display with a man named King, in which neither wanted to fight. This was on March 26, 1862. Travers' battle with Reardon took place on July 15, 1862.

Travers was decidedly the favorite in the betting, 7 to 4 being laid on him, and a great deal of money being staked. The fight came off—by Railway trip from London Bridge—after several interruptions by the police. Travers was seconded by Job Cobley and Alec Keene, Reardon by George Crockett and Jack Hicks.

The battle was desperately contested and Travers held his own for twenty rounds, the rain then poured and the tide of war made a sudden turn in favor of Patsy, for Travers was so thoroughly chilled at times when he came up, that he was not only trembling in every limb, but his body was bent as though he could not hold himself upright. Although his seconds did all that skilfull and zealous men could do, yet they were not enabled to give more than a momentary relief, for if the game Bob came up for one or two rounds a little better, he was sure to fall back, but although this must have been almost disheartening to his seconds, still they never for a moment ceased paying him the most unremitting attention. None but a man endowed with Bob's unyielding pluck would have kept on coming up in the manner he did, for with both hands badly swollen, and he physically prostrated with cold, the battle looked, as it in reality was, irretrievably lost a long while before the seconds of Bob threw up the sponge in token of defeat. The sponge was thrown up after four hours and five minutes of fighting, both men were very much punished, although their eyes were still open.

Although Travers was defeated, yet no man in the ring ever acquitted himself in a manner that redounded more to his honor, as he fought with heroic determination against overwhelming difficulties. He had proved himself to be unquestionably the best fighter, best tactician, and a far better general than the gallant fellow opposed to him, and his friends confidently asserted that but for the storm he must have won. When he went down questionably, it must be remembered that he was suffering severely from the cold, and could hardly hold a limb still.

Reardon, if not so scientific as his antagonist, proved himself his equal in one grand and essential quality, gameness, and his superior in physical powers, and a braver young fellow probably never entered the ring. He fought from first to last with the utmost determination,

and although for a long time he depended chiefly on his left, yet he afterwards used his right in a manner which proved him good with both hands.

Travers was dissatisfied with the result of the battle, and challenged Reardon for £100 or £200 a side, and at once placed a deposit in the hands of the Editor of *Bells Life* in London, but the challenge was not accepted.

Another important battle Travers fought was with Jem Dillon, for £200 a side, at 9 stone 12 lbs., or 138 lbs. Dillon was of Irish extraction, and, being in his 26th year, was fully five years younger than the Black. Jem began his public life by defeating Dooney Harris, on February 21, 1860—Dooney being a very game fellow who fought a number of hard battles for small stakes. That with Dillon was for £10 a side, and was a "caution." Dillon afterwards beat Hill, of Chelsea, and Mike Cocklin, and on December 9, 1861, he met Patsy Reardon, with a result to be seen hereafter—this being his last contest prior to the match with Travers.

Travers trained with his usual earnestness, but as he had now begun to make flesh, and was in business as a publican, he had great difficulty in getting to the fixed weight, 9 stone 12 lbs.—as also had Dillon, but from a different cause.

The battle was fought near London, England, August 11, 1863. This was a terrific battle and stamped Travers as a wonder. After thirty-eight rounds had been fought in one hour forty-two minutes and thirty seconds, the police put a stop to hostilities.

The referee ordered the battle to be renewed at another spot and all hurried off to the new ground, on arriving at which, and during the journey, Jem seemed actually the worse for drink. However, he was first in the enclosure, Bob showing less alacrity in getting ready.

In the very first round, Bob, when in Dillon's corner, went down in a very suspicious manner, and an appeal followed which was overruled. After this, however, Bob, although his left hand had been so much injured as to become useless, went to his man and forced the fighting. He was repeatedly out of distance, however, and seemed to fight with no manner of judgment, while Dillon was also very eccentric in his movements, and often turned away from Bob to reply to some of the spectators who were chaffing him, thus giving Bob opportunities to administer punishment, of which he appeared unwilling to take advantage. Travers, from the spirited manner in which he fought, may be considered, upon the whole, to have had decidedly the best of the battle in this second ring, but still, from the painful condition his hands were in, the hitting on his part was at times not anything like so heavy as it appeared. There were in the second ring sixteen additional rounds fought in thirty minutes, making in the total fifty-four rounds in one hundred and thirty-two minutes, when, owing to

the police again putting in an appearance, hostilities had to be at once suspended.

The backers of Travers, as their man—as it was afterwards ascertained—had been much hurt internally, were now most anxious to make a draw of it, but Dillon insisted upon fighting it out, although his principal backer was willing to draw. A third ring was formed, but Bob's seconds owned that he was unfit to fight any more. After a discussion, the decorous nature of which may be imagined, the referee awarded the battle to Dillon. Travers was too ill to come to town for a few days, and his friends were very much dissatisfied with the decision of the referee, but there was no help for it.

The following is a condensed report of Travers' great battle with Jem Mace. At the time Travers was matched to fight Mace he had fought twenty-one bye battles, winning twenty of them, and twenty-three regular prize fights, having a dozen of those in his favor. The Mace and Travers combat took place on February 21 and 22, in the Home Circuit. Travers beat Jem Malvern, George Baker, Jesse Hatton, George Crockett, B. Cleghorn, Bill Hayes, Mike Madden, Badger Crutchley, and Jack *alias* Bos Tyler. Received forfeits from the veteran Johnny Walker, £100; Jem Dillon, £72 10s.; and Mickey Gannon, £72 10s. Travers was waited upon by Jerry Noon and Bob Brettle; Mace by Bos Tyler and Jack Hicks. The men fought in two rings, six rounds in twenty-one minutes, February 21, and fifty-seven rounds in ninety-one minutes, in the Home Circuit, February 22, 1860. Although the betting was in favor of Travers, he never appeared to worse advantage, getting down in nearly every round, owing, as he said, to his having no spikes in his shoes and the ground being slippery. Mace took and kept the lead all through, but hadn't the opportunity afforded of doing much execution. Mace was about three inches taller, and much the heavier man. As has been said, the battle was awarded to Mace through Travers falling without a blow; but even John C. Heenan, who was present, claimed that Travers could have fought longer if necessary.

CHAPTER XIII.

HARRY WOODSON, "THE BLACK DIAMOND."

Harry Woodson, "the Black Diamond," was a genuine pugilist, who possessed both quality and quantity. He was born at Frankfort, Ky., July 9, 1852, stood 5 feet 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches in height, and weighed 181 lbs. untrained, and generally fought at 165 lbs. Woodson made his appearance as a boxer at James Nolan's, in Cincinnati, when he entered the arena against Alec Thompson and made such a grand

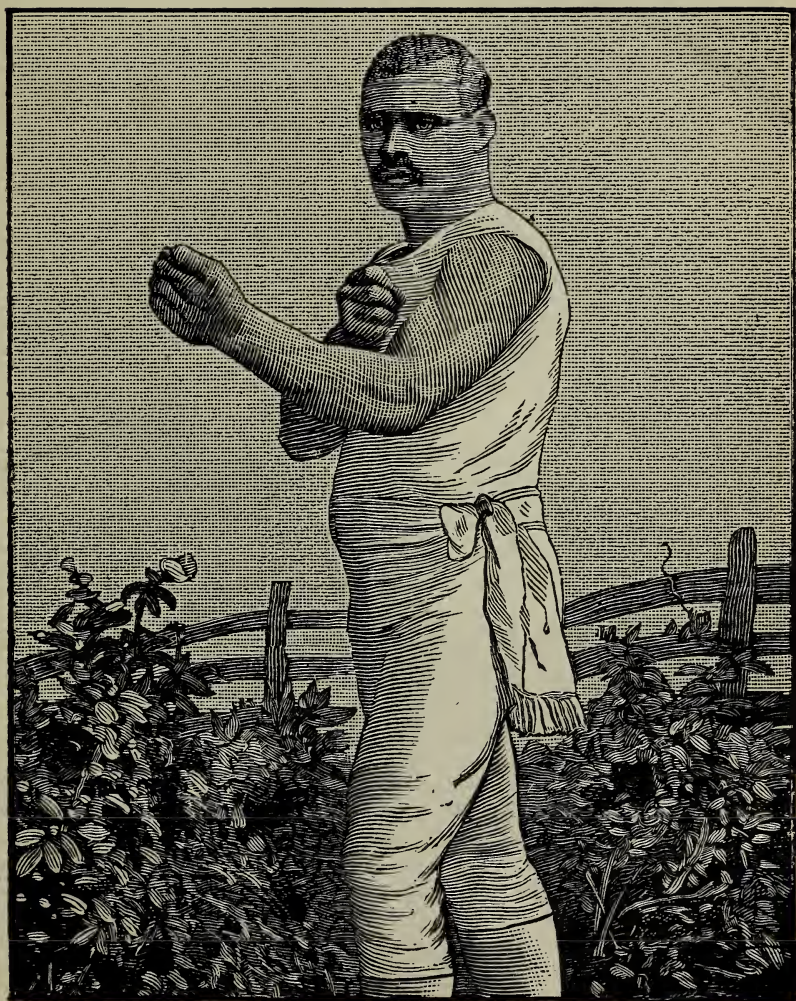
display that the judges of pugilism in Cincinnati offered to back him against any colored pugilist in America. Woodson came on from Cincinnati to New York in 1883, to contend for the POLICE GAZETTE champion trophy. He met Chas. Hadley who defeated him as he had not had time to train. In February, 1883, Woodson defeated Hadley in a limited number of rounds glove contest.

Woodson was then matched to fight Steve Williams, the colored heavy-weight champion of Troy, N. Y. for a purse of \$200. The battle was fought at Troy on March 7, 1883. Sixty-six rounds were fought and Woodson was declared the winner after a determined and well-contested encounter, which lasted one hour and twenty minutes. On March 8, 1883, Woodson met Viro Small, better known as "Black Sam," of Vermont, and in a four three-minute round encounter defeated him. On April 6, 1883, Woodson defeated Jim McLaughlin. Woodson gained several other victories. He was a clever two-handed fighter, thoroughly game and possessing great endurance.

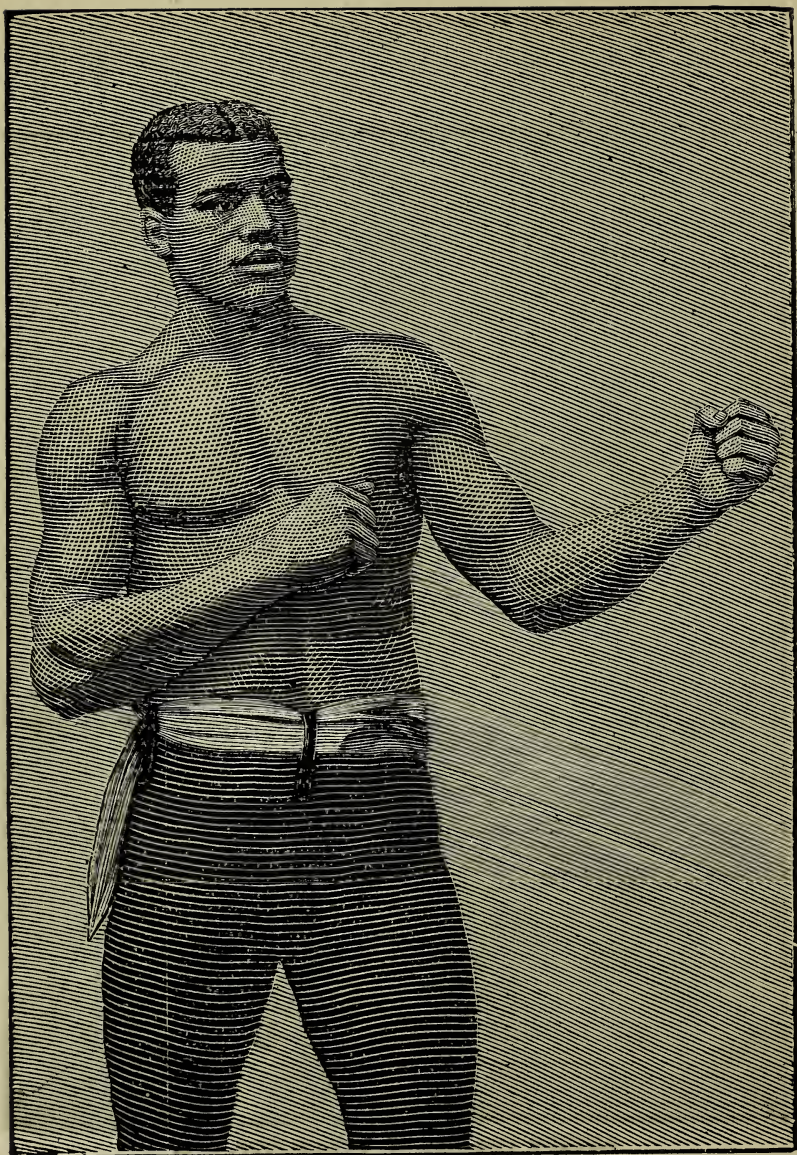
CHAPTER XIV.

GEORGE GODFREY, THE CHAMPION COLORED HEAVY-WEIGHT OF AMERICA.

The first colored heavy-weight champion of America, who won his title by science and courage, is George Godfrey, of Boston, Mass. He was born at Prince Edward's Island, March 20, 1853. He stands 5 feet, 10½ inches in height and when in condition weighs 170 lbs. He won many fights, fought several to a draw. His first fight of any consequence was with Ham Williams in 1882, which he won after seven minutes hot fighting. Godfrey was then put up against Prof. Hadley, the well known colored pugilist, whom he defeated in four rounds for a stake of \$100. In 1884 he whipped Jimmy Doherty in one round which only lasted one minute and twenty-five seconds. The fight was for \$150. Jake Kilrain was referee, while Billy Mahoney was second for Godfrey. Barney Small, of Salem, Mass., was Godfrey's next victim. They fought for \$25 a side and Godfrey won in two rounds. Another meeting with Prof. Hadley resulted in a draw. A short time after this Godfrey was matched to box McHenry Johnson, the "Black Star." They met at Boston, May 10, 1884. Godfrey had the best of the match when the police interfered. His next effort in the ring was the memorable six round draw with Joe Lannon in 1887. On an alleged foul the fight was made a draw, as a compromise from a declaration in favor of Lannon. The latter was terribly punished and was virtually whipped. Godfrey was defeated when he met with Doherty for \$150, and the fight was given to the latter on a claim of



ARTHUR FRAZIER, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.



BOB ARMSTRONG, THE BLACK ADONIS OF THE PRIZE RING.

foul. Godfrey was once matched to fight John L. Sullivan, but friends gave the affair away and the match fell through.

Godfrey then fought Peter Jackson and was defeated by the Australian champion. They fought for a purse of \$2,000 at San Francisco on August 24, 1888, at the California Athletic Club. Jackson won in nineteen rounds, one hour and fifteen minutes. He then met and defeated Jack Ashton, at Providence, R. I., on November 7, 1889, in fourteen rounds, lasting fifty-six minutes.

Godfrey's most important battle, aside from his fight with Peter Jackson, was with McHenry Johnson, the "Black Star," for an \$850 purse. It was fought at Bloomfield, Boulder Co., Col., Jan. 25, 1888. Eight cars left Denver for the battle ground, which was out on the open prairie, fourteen miles out on the Denver, Utah and Pacific railroad. The train left at 1 o'clock p. m., and at 2:50 p. m. the ring was pitched, about 400 spectators being present. The ring was near the railroad track. Many of the spectators commanded a full view of the ring from their seats in the cars, while the remainder were nicely accommodated around the ropes. It was in a bed of soft loam and sand the ring was pitched. There is no need to recount the fight. It was with two and a half ounce gloves, under Queensberry rules. The real fighting began in the third round, when Godfrey felled the Star in his (the Star's) own corner. It was a terrific swipe and the Star fell on his right shoulder and the top of his head. The Star was clearly knocked out in this round, but by bulldozing tactics employed on the referee he was let come for another round. Godfrey knocked him wherever he pleased, and finally after a clinch sent him completely out with a blow that would have stunned an ox. It was claimed, and the referee, ex-Sheriff Dick Williams, of Central City, Col., decided that the blow was foul, but after the return to Denver, the members of the Denver Cribb Club decided that Godfrey had committed no foul. Godfrey was given \$150 for expenses and \$600 of the purse. While Johnson received \$150 and \$100 for expenses. The bets were ordered paid on Johnson, but very little money was wagered. Johnson acknowledged himself whipped and that he had had enough of Godfrey. After the fight Johnson was all bunged up, having a mansard over his right eye, an ugly cut on the lip and a swollen cheek. He looked groggy and said that he was. Godfrey, on the other hand, was without a mark save a little scratch on his lower lip, the result of the only blow that Johnson got in on the face.

CHAPTER XV.

OTHER COLORED PUGILISTS.

C. A. C. SMITH.

C. A. C. Smith of Port Huron, Mich., was another famous heavy-weight colored pugilist. He stood 5 feet 11½ inches in height, and weighed 190 lbs. He never fought a regular prize fight, but contended in glove contests.

M'HENRY JOHNSON.

McHenry Johnson, the colored champion of Maryland, came into prominence in 1884. He was born at Baltimore, Md., on September 7, 1859, stood 5 feet 11 inches in height, and weighed 190 lbs. Johnson never fought a prize fight, but engaged in numerous glove contests, and was nicknamed "The Black Star." He was a scientific boxer, but lacked ambition and executive ability, or he might have made his mark in the prize ring, for he was tall, muscular, and possessed great endurance.

CHARLES HADLEY.

Prof. Charles Hadley, of Bridgeport, Conn., was a famous glove fighter. He flourished in 1882, about the time that the POLICE GAZETTE offered a valuable trophy known as the POLICE GAZETTE Champion Medal, which represented the colored boxing championship of America. Hadley stood 5 feet 9 inches in height, and weighed 160 lbs. He was a pupil of Ed McGlinchy, a well-known boxer of Bridgeport, Conn., and he fought numerous battles in the arena with gloves, but he never engaged in a regular prize fight. Hadley, however, defeated all challengers in the many contests for the POLICE GAZETTE champion boxing trophy, and then retired from the ring.

MERVINE THOMPSON.

Mervine Thompson, "the Cleveland Thunderbolt," came into prominence in 1884. He was brought out by Duncan C. Ross. Thompson was more powerful and muscular than any of the colored pugilists that flourished since 1810. He stands 5 feet 11 inches in height, and his fighting weight is 190 lbs. After Thompson first became prominent by battles with well known colored pugilists, he made a sensation by challenging John L. Sullivan, but no match was ever arranged. Thompson, although he was, up to the time that Peter Jackson invaded America (1888), the most prominent of all colored pugilists,

never gained victories enough to prove that he was first-class, and in many of his contests, both with white and colored boxers he met with reverses, owing to the lack, as many claimed, of either courage or endurance. Thompson, besides being a pugilist, was a great wrestler and an athlete of considerable prominence. Thompson's most important victory was his defeat of Pat Killen, of Duluth, Minn., at Cleveland, Ohio, April 20, 1886.

HARRIS MARTIN.

Among the colored fistic brigade who have fought their way into prominence is the "Black Pearl," a cognomen Harris Martin, the heavy weight champion of the Northwest, rejoices in. Martin has fought many battles in the prize ring, and has proved that he possesses courage, endurance and stamina. Martin stands 6 feet 1 inch in height, and in fighting condition weighs 170 lbs.

This is his record: Beat Tom Henderson, May 8, 1886, five rounds. Beat Billy Boughtly, June 11, 1886, four rounds. Again met and defeated Tom Henderson, July 3, 1886, three rounds. Beat Dan Somers, Jan. 7, 1887, three rounds. Beat Jack Murphy, Feb. 16, 1887, three rounds. Beat Will Young, Feb. 7, 1887, nine rounds. Again met and defeated Will Young, Feb. 27, 1887. Draw with "Black Frank," fifteen rounds, March 3, 1887. Beat Tom Devine, March 28, 1887, three rounds. Prof. Chas. Hadley failed to stop him in eight rounds, April 15, 1887. Beat "Black Frank" for \$500 at St. Paul, in thirty-eight rounds, two hours thirty-two minutes.

CHAPTER XVI.

PETER JACKSON, THE COLORED CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

Peter Jackson, the champion of Australia, and the colored champion of the world, was born in the West Indies in 1861, but the greater portion of his life has been spent in Australia. He is a young giant, standing 6 feet 1½ inches in height, and trained weighs 205 lbs. Jackson first became known as a pugilist in 1883, when he fought his first battle at Larry Foley's Hall, Sydney, N. S. W.

Though Jackson has fought many battles, and always successfully, he has never kept a record. Since he first began to fight, at least fifteen men have succumbed to his mighty arm, and they have been the cream of Australian pugilism.

The most notable of his fights have been those with Dooley, O'Brien, Hayes and Lees. Dooley, a heavy-weight, was the terror of Sydney, and a match was made between him and Larry Foley's ward

for \$500 a side. The odds were long that Jackson would go under, but after a hurricane fight of three and a half rounds Dooley went down and out.

O'Brien's fate was the same. The fight was again for \$500 a side at Foley's, and he only lasted three rounds.

Hayes fared no better, and after three rounds of hard fighting acknowledged the corn.

Tom Lees was at that time acknowledged champion of the colonies, and after some difficulty a match was arranged between Jackson and the champion for \$1,000 a side and the championship belt of Australia. The fight came off at Larry Foley's sporting house in Sydney before a large audience, comprising the most noted sporting people in Australia. For six rounds Lees gave Jackson a hard fight, but making up his mind that he could not win by rushing tactics, began to keep away and tire his opponent out. The battle had reached its thirtieth round, when becoming tired of the long struggle, Jackson cornered Lees and knocked him senseless with a blow of his right.

Slavin, who afterward claimed the heavy-weight championship, would not meet Jackson on any terms, and after chasing him all over the colonies, placing forfeits wherever he went, Jackson gave the matter up.

While Jack Burke, the celebrated American pugilist, was in Sydney, Jackson offered a bet of \$1,000 that he could knock the American out in six rounds, but the bet was not taken.

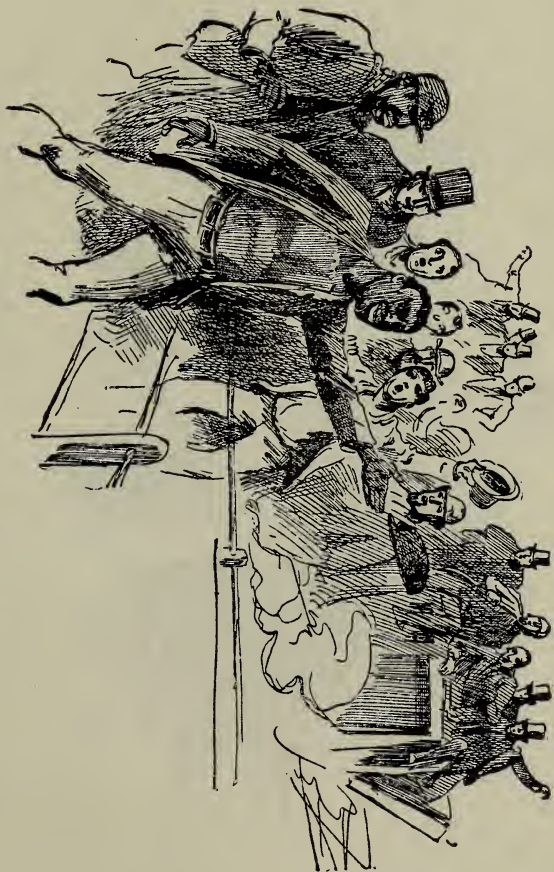
The majority of Jackson's victories were gained by offering any man a purse to stand before him for a certain number of rounds, and then knocking them out in from two to five rounds.

Jackson arrived in San Francisco, Cal., in 1888, and shortly after his arrival he was matched to fight George Godfrey, the colored champion of America, for a purse of \$2,000. The battle was fought on August 24, 1888, in the California Athletic Club, and Jackson won easily. The California Athletic Club then offered a purse of \$3,000 for any pugilist in England or America to meet McAuliffe, but there was no response from either Kilrain, Sullivan or any other heavy-weight.

It could not be expected that either Jake Kilrain, who was then the POLICE GAZETTE champion, or John L. Sullivan would consent to journey to San Francisco to run the risk of winning or losing \$3,000 or \$5,000, when they could make twice that amount by giving boxing exhibitions east.

In the meantime, Peter Jackson, who was engaged by the club to teach boxing, agreed to meet McAuliffe, and the arrangements were made for the giants to meet in a contest with small gloves according to POLICE GAZETTE rules, which the directors of the California Athletic Club endorse, because there can be no draw, unless the princi-

FRANK CRAIG ENTERS THE RING TO FIGHT MULDOON'S CYCLONE.





DAN CREEDON AND THE "COFFEE COOLER" MIXING IT UP.

pals meet with an accident, are incapacitated from continuing the conflict, or one or the other is injured.

The battle was fought on Dec. 29, 1888. It was a Waterloo for the 'Frisco Giant. The wonder who was to beat the world in the fistic arena was defeated in twenty-four rounds.

An enormous crowd filled the rooms, and there must have been 2,000 present.

The betting ranged from \$100 to \$90, chiefly taken by Australian tourists, to 3 to 1 in favor of McAuliffe. Both were in prime condition and everybody believed the winner could successfully try for the world's championship.

McAuliffe was seconded by Barney Farley and Joe Bowers, while Sam Fitzpatrick and Tom Meadows seconded Jackson. The gloves weighed $4\frac{1}{2}$ ounces. McAuliffe's weight was 220 lbs. and Jackson's 205 lbs.

As the fight progressed McAuliffe grew weak, and Jackson showed increasing confidence and a good deal of strength. He fought with great determination and courage, and at the end of the 24th round, by a well-directed blow, knocked out the pride of the Pacific sluggers. It was a great surprise, but the black won the battle fairly and honorably.

Shortly after, Joe McAuliffe defeated Mike Conley, the Ithaca Giant.

After the excitement of the McAuliffe and Conley battle had subsided, Jackson met Patsy Cardiff for a purse of \$3,000. It was fought on April 26, 1889, at the California Athletic Club.

In the various pool and betting rooms, Jackson was a big favorite, and the odds ranged at 100 to 60, with Cardiff at the short end. The outcome of the battle was looked upon with a great deal of interest from the fact that if Jackson was the winner he would be matched to fight the winner of the Sullivan and Kilrain fight for \$20,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world.

Long before the time advertised for the match to begin, the California Athletic Club's spacious gymnasium was crowded to its utmost capacity with anxious lovers of sport to witness the fray which had created so much excitement and comment. Lawyers, doctors, millionaires, sporting men and mechanics sat side by side and chatted about the merits of the two pugilists.

The club, in order to accommodate the large audience, had built a gallery above the regular tier of seats on the south end of the hall, and thus afforded good seats for an extra number. A large bell was hung in the north end of the gymnasium, and a man on a raised platform stood ready to make it peal forth sonorous sounds at the beginning and termination of the rounds, by ringing one when a round began, two when a round ended, and three when another began.

Among the tremendous mass of humanity could be seen Jack Hal-

linan, who had \$2,000 on Jackson; Patsy Hogan, Jimmy Carroll, of Holyoke, Mass., who had defeated Blakelock, the English champion; Barney Farley, Old Tommy Chandler, Billy Jordan, Tom Lees; Mulholland, of Australia; Con Mooney, Seymour, Frank Hall, and other celebrities.

THE BATTLE.

Time was called at 9:23 for the first round, but little work was done. In the second round Cardiff showed great quickness. He attempted to rush Jackson, when he caught a fearful upper-cut. After this Jackson planted a heavy left-hander on Cardiff's jaw. In the third round Jackson seemed determined to rush the fighting. He got in two left-handers on Cardiff's neck, and followed these up with several severe body blows.

Cardiff's only resource to escape punishment was by clinching and half wrestling, as though he was fighting under London rules. Cardiff tried again and again to reach Jackson's wind, but the negro's cleverness saved him. He didn't get a single hard blow in this round, whereas he gave a dozen. Cardiff easily showed in clinches that he was the stronger man, but the negro was plainly his superior in science.

In the fourth round there was a fierce rally, followed by light sparring. The negro got in a succession of right-hand upper-cuts, which rattled Cardiff. He started off for Jackson's wind without success, and, as in the previous round, he failed to get in a single effective blow.

Jackson began to force the fighting in the fifth, and gave him upper-cut after upper-cut. Cardiff finally rallied and rushed the negro to the ropes. Jackson came back at him like a tiger, and rained blows over the face of the Minneapolis man. Cardiff got in but one good blow in this round, and that did no damage.

In the sixth Jackson started in with three left-hand leads, one of which landed on Cardiff's chin and nearly knocked him out. The Minneapolis man was now distressed; he sparred for wind, but the black man would not let him rest. With a leap, the negro closed on Cardiff, and with a terrific cross-counter brought his antagonist to his knee. With rare chivalry Jackson refused to knock his man out, although he now had him at his mercy. Cardiff was now weak, and the end did not appear far away. After the sixth round Cardiff was a chopping-block for the negro, who was as fresh as a daisy. The tenth round had begun when the Minneapolis man gave up the fight, his left arm being powerless. He was badly battered.

After fighting Cardiff, Jackson allied himself to Charles E. ("Parson") Davies's fistic force and decided to come East, his ultimate purpose being to force the issue with John L. Sullivan. Repeated challenges were hurled at the big fellow without success, for he ad-

hered to his determination not to fight a darkey, being the first pugilist of note to draw the "color line" and agitate the race question.

Jackson, however, journeyed to the Atlantic coast, picking up several good matches on the way. At Virginia City, Nevada, on May 1, 1889, he beat "Shorty" Kincaid in two rounds. At Chicago, on July 11, he knocked out "Sailor" Brown in four rounds. At Buffalo, on July 30 and Aug. 5, he defeated Mike Lynch and Paddy Brennan in two and one rounds respectively. At Hoboken, N. J., on Aug. 9, he knocked out "Ginger" McCormick in two rounds, finally landing in New York city with a fight with Jack Fallon, the famous "Brooklyn Strong Boy," on his hands. This fight came off on Aug. 19 and Jackson won in four rounds.

While he remained in the Metropolis Davies tried in every reasonable and consistent way to induce Sullivan to fight Jackson, but without avail, and finally the latter and his manager went to England for the purpose of fighting Jem Smith, the then recognized champion of England. Before this important episode transpired, however, Jackson engaged in several contests which took place in London, defeating, among others, Alf. Mitchell, three rounds; Jack Partridge, five rounds; Jem Young, three rounds; Jack Watts, three rounds; Caddy Meddings, three rounds; Alf. Ball, three rounds; Jack Watson, three rounds.

During all this time "Parson" Davies had not been idle. He had been at work with a view to putting his protege against Jem Smith, for the title of English champion, which the latter then wore. Smith—although he had his hands pretty full at the time, being then matched with Jack Wannop, whilst a contest with Slavin was also in prospective—lost little time in taking up the defi, and efforts were soon set on foot for the pair to box a dozen rounds. A purse of £1,000, and a belt of the value of £200, was offered by the proprietor of the Pelican Club for this. But Jackson was bound by an agreement with the California A. C. not to exceed eight rounds. His manager, however, saw a way out of the difficulty, and cabled to L. R. Fulda, the president of the club named, for permission to spar the twelve rounds. For a few days negotiations had to be broken off, for, although the club signified their willingness to allow Jackson to box ten rounds, Ernest C. Wells was naturally disinclined to give the unprecedented sum of £100 per round in addition to the valuable belt. At last, however, he altered his mind and agreed to give that sum, the pair later on signing.

The articles signed, the stake money was lodged with a responsible committee, comprising Sir John Astley, Lord de Clifford, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Churston, Lord Eric Gordon, etc.

The battle was fought in the new Pelican Club, London, England, on Nov. 11, 1889. There was an immense crowd congregated in

front of the club's rooms, and it was feared that the roughs would make an attempt to force their way in. To guard against this a large body of police had been told off, and this demonstration by the authorities kept the rowdies in check. Still, members of the club had some difficulty in gaining admission through the crush. In the end, however, the fight was witnessed by over a thousand spectators, including most of the leading sportsmen of the kingdom, and a large contingent from Australia.

There was a long delay after the men had entered the ring, caused by those concerned finding difficulty in agreeing as to who should act as umpire, and it was a quarter past 1 o'clock before this point was settled. Jackson, before the fight commenced, complained that the gloves provided were smaller than those agreed upon, but this objection was overruled.

The men then tossed for choice of corners and Smith won. They shook hands and at once set to work.

In the first round there were some heavy exchanges. Still, but little damage was done on either side, though when time was called Smith appeared very much distressed.

In the second round Jackson forced the fighting, and knocked Smith over the ropes, where he held on by his right hand quite exhausted, while he guarded himself with his left while he gained wind. Jackson was unable to finish him before time was called.

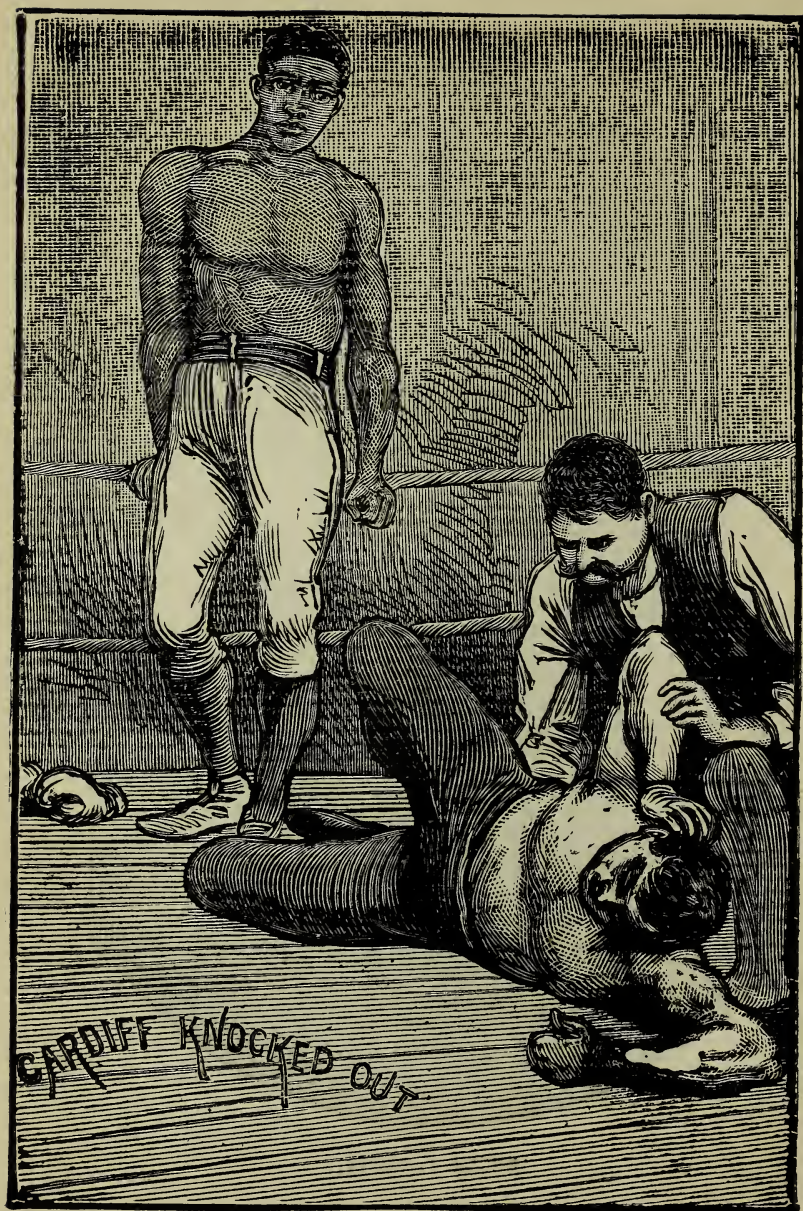
When they came up again Smith at first tried to tear off his gloves and fight with bare knuckles. He was evidently in a great temper at his ill success so far. The police, however, at once seized him, and his friends interfering he put on the gloves again and the fight was resumed. Smith, however, was still greatly out of temper and, rushing in blindly and furiously, seized Jackson and threw him violently. Amidst great excitement an appeal for a foul was at once made on behalf of Jackson, and the umpire promptly allowed it and awarded the fight to the Australian.

Smith by this time had cooled down, and he shook hands quietly with Jackson, and offered to make another match. The contest fully exposed the fallacy of his claims to be regarded as a first-class fighter. He was beaten at all points of the game.

Jackson returned to America after trying in vain to negotiate a match with Frank P. Slavin, the Sidney Cornstalk, and resumed his occupation of knocking out anybody and everybody that came along. His first victim was Jack Ashton, who was Sullivan's sparring partner. It was thought at the time that Sullivan shoved Ashton into the breach to get a safe line on Jackson's capabilities. This may or may not have been so, but the latter took no chances to fool Sullivan into a match, for he easily outpointed Ashton in three rounds. He subsequently knocked out Jack Fallon in four rounds, at Williamsburg, N. Y., Dick Keating in one round, Louisville, Ky.,



PETER JACKSON.



defeated Ed Smith at Chicago in five rounds, and Tom Johnson, at Marysville, Cal.

Jackson was in California during the summer of 1890, just about the time that James J. Corbett began to realize that he might some day be the champion heavyweight fighter of the world. Jackson, who was popular with the Californians, offered to try out the youthful aspirant, and as he was on the eve of a trip to Australia it was agreed that he and Corbett should "come together" upon his return under the auspices of the California Athletic Club. The match was arranged in due time and was decided on May 21, 1891, in San Francisco.

It is safe to say that no fight that ever came off on the Pacific slope attracted so much attention as the one which was fought that night for the \$10,000 purse put up by the California Athletic Club.

The audience, packed around the ring very much as earth is packed around a fence post, was a remarkable one. In the crowd of paying visitors were bankers, business men and sporting men.

It was an orderly assemblage, composed almost exclusively of men of the better class; men who were not used to the ways of the business, and who didn't know half as much about fighting as the hoodlums who hovered about the gate.

Here and there among the well-dressed crowd could be seen the woolly heads of some of the colored enthusiasts, who were willing to stake a fortune in small coin on the man from Australia. They sat shoulder to shoulder with prominent lawyers and doctors, and sandwiched in liberally were the gay youths of the town, who were on hand because it was the proper thing, and besides the event promised to be good for the circulation of the blood.

There was a crowd of about 5,000 persons on the corner where the club room stood. They were for the most part a ticketless and moneyless crowd, and were willing to do anything to get inside. The negroes in the crowd went wild over Jackson and were willing to bet any amount on the representative of their race.

By 8.30 o'clock the dressing rooms were occupied with a couple of very confident men and their trainers. It was all bustle and confusion inside; outside was calm, dignified waiting. The trainers inside were handling the men carefully and tenderly, and looking over them as they would a prize horse at a fair for points. Corbett didn't care much about talking and he was the least bit nervous.

The big negro was half stripped and was getting a rub down, when he said his trainers told him he was as good a man as he ever was in his life. "I feel myself that I am," he said. "If I don't win, it will be because Corbett is a better man than I am. I have trained with the closest care and have left nothing undone which would assist in putting me in the best possible condition. I'll win if it's in me to win."

They both felt good over the prospect, and while they were fixing up a couple of heavyweights went out into the ring and hammered each other for three rounds to amuse the spectators and get them in touch for the night.

When the men came into the ring Corbett stepped in at 168 pounds first and Jackson followed, weighing 204 pounds.

They both got ovations, but it was easy enough to see that the smooth-faced, trim-built and smiling Corbett got the lion's share. That was right enough, for there were very few men in the chairs around the ring who did not know him, and know him well at that.

Jackson's seconds were Sam Fitzpatrick, who has stood behind him in all his fights, and Billy Smith, while Billy Fields the blacksmith, who has given Jackson the use of his forge in training, served as bottle holder. Corbett was served by John Donaldson and Billy Delaney, with his brother, Harry Corbett, as bottle holder. Hiram Cook, who refereed all the big fights at the club, acted in that capacity again.

The fight, however, was a very unsatisfactory one. It lasted sixty-one rounds, and toward the end was so tame that the spectators yelled at the men to either fight or get out of the ring. Referee Cook at the beginning of the sixty-first round called both men up and ordered them to fight or he would declare it off. Corbett protested against the referee interfering. Jackson, who had injured his arm some days previously, acted as if he would like to stop.

Cook, the referee, declared the fight "no contest." Immediately Jackson pulled his gloves off and was carried to his dressing room by his seconds. Corbett made a vigorous protest against the decision and only consented to leave the ring after being told that he would receive one-half of the purse. He jumped nimbly out of the ring, dressed quickly and went to his home. It afterwards transpired that Corbett's fight had been a wonderful one, as he was a sick man and was forbidden by his physicians from entering the ring one week before the fight.

Jackson's showing was a severe disappointment to his friends.

The situation was summed up in the words of Major McLaughlin, who enjoys the honor of being called one of the leading sporting men on the Pacific coast:

"Jackson's name is Dennis to-day. With his superior weight he ought to have forced all of the fighting from the start. Instead of that he showed that he was barely able to keep Corbett off. Corbett's work shows beyond any shadow of doubt that, as a fighter, he is in the first class.

"He was much quicker than Jackson, and if he had had equal weight, he would have knocked him out as clean as a whistle. It's Jackson's Waterloo as sure as you're a foot high, and his career as a great fighter is down to the last chapter.

"I consider that this is equal to a victory for Corbett. The very fact that he stood up before Jackson for so many rounds and came out the fresher man, puts him up on top in the front row of good fighters. His friends are well satisfied."

That is what the Major had to say, and it seemed to be the general opinion. The announcement of the result of the contest by Referee Hiram Cook satisfied all the club men. The club held on to the purse, but the fighters got \$2,500 each for what they did in the way of punching each other. After the fight was over Jackson was seen in his dressing room. He was very much disheartened and wasn't in much of a humor to talk at length about the battle. What he did say was this:

"After the twenty-fifth round my left shoulder weakened and then gave out, and so I had to use my right after that, and I found that I couldn't give a good blow with it, and there's where it broke me up.

"You see, I caught cold in my shoulder about a week ago, and it troubled me off and on ever since, but the weakness did not come out until the fight was nearly half over.

"If it hadn't been for that I could have rushed Corbett, as I was fresher than he was. Corbett never hit me hard on the ribs, and I didn't suffer there a bit. The only thing that did bother me any was the smashes I got in the mouth. I got a couple of good ones there, and the blood went down my nose into my throat and choked and worried me."

Jackson didn't sum up all his injuries in his little speech, for later, when he was examined, it was found that two of his ribs were broken. This showed that Corbett had landed in good earnest on the darkey's ribs and that he had left something of a mark there.

Corbett was in his dressing room getting rubbed down and settled up generally. He seemed to be in pretty good spirits, although he felt as if he might have done better if he had not injured himself. He said:

"My left forearm was badly battered in that rally in the twenty-fifth round. I thought it was broken at first. I used it to protect my heart. After the twenty-seventh round I couldn't strike an effective blow with it. That is the one thing which settled me. I simply couldn't fight, and that is all there was to it. My arm felt helpless, and I was afraid to try it."

So according to the words of both men, it was in the twenty-fifth round that the fight was practically ended. The colored man's shoulder gave out and the white man's forearm was so battered and bruised that he thought it was broken.

There was a lot of talk about another match but Corbett evinced no disposition to fight Jackson again, having entered into negotiations for a fight with John L. Sullivan, whom he defeated and from whom

he acquired the title of Champion of America. Jackson subsequently went to England and his next battle of any consequence was with Frank P. Slavin. This was fought under the auspices of the National Sporting Club on May 30, 1892. Jackson won in the tenth round, knocking Slavin out. Jackson did not enhance his reputation any by his victory, for the consensus of opinion among those at the ring side was that Slavin threw the fight away by being too confident, and leaving openings which Jackson took advantage of to land the knockout punch. It is a fact that Slavin tried by every conceivable means to induce Peter to fight again, posting his money and even going so far as to insult him in public, hoping that his late opponent would in anger agree to fight him again.

Since that eventful episode, Jackson has done nothing worthy of note. He bobs into print occasionally as an aspirant for championship honors, but he has refused to fight and it is hardly possible that he will ever go into the ring again. He has a remunerative occupation in teaching the manly art to England's most aristocratic swells. He owns a fine academy, well equipped with all the appurtenances of the sport and he caters only to the most exclusive set in London. Occasionally he makes periodical visits to the provinces, where he is a great favorite. His sparring partner at the music halls is Bill Slavin, a brother of the man whom he defeated for the title of English champion. He has decided to live permanently in England, where he owns a luxuriously furnished residence. He is a hospitable entertainer and is always surrounded by the most representative men in the country.

CHAPTER XVII.

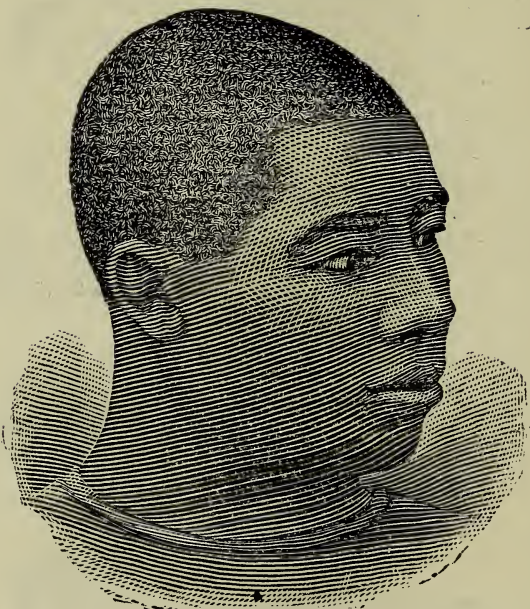
GEORGE DIXON, COLORED FEATHERWEIGHT OF BOSTON, MASS.

George Dixon, the colored featherweight, is a pugilist whose name will live in prize ring history, he being one of the few pugilists who ever won a prize fight in England while battling as a representative of the United States.

Dixon was born in Halifax, N. S., on July 29, 1870. He stands 5 feet 3 inches in height. He is married, his wife being a white girl; his great grandfather was also a white man. Three years before he went into the ring he was a photographer and knew nothing of boxing. His occupation naturally enough brought him into close relationship with boxers, and it was while studying "the man and a brother" through the camera that never lies he conceived the idea of engaging in the business.



THE "COOLER" AND TED PRITCHARD READY FOR BUSINESS.



JOE WALCOTT, O'ROURKE'S "BLACK DEMON."

Dixon has met with fair success in the ring; he beat Hamilton in eight rounds; beat Sam Cohen, three rounds; defeated young Mack, five rounds. In 1888 beat Jack Leyman, five rounds; Charley Parton, of England, six rounds (February); Barney Finigan, seven rounds; Ned Morris, four rounds (February); Paddy Kelly, fifteen rounds (March), a draw, the people frequently calling out during the fight, "kill the nigger;" beat Thomas Doherty, ten rounds (April); Thomas Kelly, nine rounds, a draw for the bantam 105 lb. championship; beat Jemmy Bracket, four rounds (June 9); a draw with Hank Brennan, which is described as a robbery (June); draw with Brennan, nine rounds (September); another draw with Brennan, fifteen rounds (October); beat Billy James, of England, three rounds (May). In October, 1889, again fought Brennan, twenty-seven rounds, but was robbed out of the fight, though Brennan proved himself a plucky man. Beat Hornbacker, one round and a half (December). Fought a draw, seventy rounds, with Cal McCarthy (February 7, 1890). Subsequently offered to bet that he would beat anyone his weight in four rounds. Beat Paddy Kearney; defeated Jack Farrell (February), in three rounds; beat Jack Carey (February), in three rounds, with the police all round, and as they tried to mount the ring, were pulled down by the coat-tails.

On March 31, 1890, Dixon fought Matt McCarthy, of Philadelphia, Pa., and although the contest was limited to four rounds, the battle ended in a wrangle, McCarthy having decidedly the advantage.

Dixon was then matched to meet Nunc Wallace, the English feather-weight champion, for a purse of £300, the Pelican Club, London, England, allowing the colored pugilist £100 for expenses. The preliminaries for this match were arranged through Richard K. Fox and the POLICE GAZETTE, of New York. The battle was fought in the Pelican Club, London, England, on June 27, 1890. Only eighteen rounds were fought in one hour and ten minutes, when the American representative won by knocking out the English champion.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DIXON'S BATTLE WITH NUNC WALLACE.

HOW THE MATCH ORIGINATED.

In the *Sporting Life* of February 25, 1890, a challenge appeared to bantam-weights from George Dixon, to fight any man in the world at 114 lbs. or take a pound, for \$5,000. On March 5 a cablegram was published in the *Life* from George Dixon to Nunc Wallace, offering to box the Englishman in America, for £1,000 and the *Police Gazette*

Diamond Belt, allowing £100 for expenses. Failing this, he signified his desire to go to England to fight Nunc Wallace for a £600 purse if the Pelican or Ormonde Club would put up the purse, and allow £50 for expenses.

Answering this Wallace's backer signified his desire to match Wallace for £1,000 or £2,000 a side, the fight to be decided in England, allowing Dixon expenses and guaranteeing fair play. As the result of the challenges and counter challenges the Ormonde Club came out in the *Sporting Life* of March 13 with £300 and £50 for Dixon's expenses. Wallace accepted the proposition, and the matter was left in abeyance pending Dixon's answer.

News quickly came from America. O'Rourke was the informant, and he let out with, "They are generous, we can make five times that amount without going to England." O'Rourke offered to match Dixon to fight Wallace for £1,000 and the *Police Gazette* feather-weight champion 115 lb. belt, allowing Wallace £100 for expenses, and fight in America. If this did not meet the opposite side O'Rourke declared his intention of fighting in England if the Pelican or Ormonde Club would put up \$3,000; \$2,500 to the winner, and \$250 for Dixon's expenses.

Next, on March 29, the Puritan Athletic Club of Long Island was out with a £300 purse and £50 to Wallace for incidentals. These cablegrams drew forth another proposition from the Ormonde Club on April 1, the proprietor being willing to put up £500, and, not to be outdone, the Pelican Club offered a similar amount £400 to the winner, and £100 to the loser, but this was topped by the Ormonde Club cabling that Dixon could name his own terms. A cablegram on April 14, notified the agreeable fact that Dixon had made up his mind to journey to England in May to fight Nunc Wallace for the bantam-weight championship of the world, and on April 21, it was announced that, practically, the lads had agreed to box at 8st 2 lb., for the Pelican Club £500 purse, in May or June. Dixon wished to box to a finish, but the Pelican Club fixed thirty rounds.

A cablegram from Queenstown on May 12, reported the news that among the passengers aboard the Cunard Royal Mail steamer Cephalaria (Captain W. S. Lecombe), which arrived from Boston en route to Liverpool, was George Dixon, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, the champion bantam-weight pugilist of the United States, who had journeyed across the Western Ocean to box Nunc Wallace. He was accompanied by his trainer and backer, Mr. Thomas O'Rourke and Mr. T. M. Gough, and during the passage Dixon amused himself by boxing in the fore-castle with O'Rourke, and by such means, in addition to other exercises, managed to keep in capital condition.

The following evening Dixon, O'Rourke and M'Gough reached London. From the St. Pancras Station (Midland Railway) they were driven immediately to the Pelican Club, and were entertained by

Lord Lonsdale and the proprietor, Mr. Ernest Wells. After an enjoyable conversation, the trio were escorted to the Hotel Metropole, and the following morning attended the *Sporting Life* office, where all their mails were exclusively forwarded.

Dixon, O'Rourke and M'Gough left St. Pancras for their training quarters, after spending a week in London waiting for articles to be signed, and it was whilst in the country that they were called to London on May 15, to ratify the agreement, which could have been signed and sealed before they left the metropolis. As a matter of fact, Mr. Ernest Wells, proprietor of the Pelican Club, desired that the business of signing articles should take place at his establishment in Gerrard street, and this wish was shared by the Americans. However, all was most amicably arranged, and the following morning Dixon and party left London for the country, and Wallace, with his trainer, Ben Garrington, prepared to follow their example, first going to Windsor, and afterwards to Brighton.

For reasons obvious enough Dixon's whereabouts had been kept as secret as possible, but now that the fistic drama has been played, we take the opportunity of accepting permission to publish the locality. It was at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, a lonesome, but beautiful country, where George Dixon underwent his preparation, superintended by Messrs. O'Rourke and M'Gough, with W. Willis for a companion. The Crown Hotel proprietor, Mr. B. Furley, accommodated the strangers, and during their stay everything likely to be of value as regards personal comfort, and the best the country affords in the shape of food and exercise was placed at the service of the Americans. Pleasant walks, through lovely scenery, ample training facilities with respect to indoor work, and exceptional domestic comforts considerably lightened the irksomeness of training, and made George Dixon's sojourn in a strange land something to remember in after years with pride and pleasure. Wallace, at Brighton, it is needless to state, has been greatly favored, and under Ben Garrington's supervision his work was cheerfully performed.

THE WEIGHING AT THE PELICAN CLUB.

Wallace, with Ben Garrington, left Brighton at 1.45, and, on arriving at Clapham Junction, drove to Mr. Walter Melville's residence in South Kensington, where he was met by his seconds, Alf. Greenfield and Dick Roberts, Jack Baldock and others being present. To render matters doubly sure, and allay anxiety, he stripped and weighed, when it was found that he scaled a few ounces under eight stone.

At ten minutes to six, Wallace, Garrington, Greenfield, Roberts and Mr. Melville arrived at the Pelican Club.

Dixon, O'Rourke, M'Gough, and C. Larew left Oakham at 1.42, due at King's Cross at five o'clock, but, the train being late, the party

could not reach the Pelican Club until five minutes after six. Quite a little crowd of Pelicans assembled to witness the weighing, the company including the proprietor, Mr. Ernest Wells; Mr. J. Fleming; the famous jockey, Harry Custance, who resides at Oakham, and has seen Dixon put through his facings many a time and oft; H. M'Evoy, &c. When Wallace and Dixon met they shook hands cordially, and smiled upon each other most affably. In fact, so friendly did they appear, that a stranger would have scouted the idea that the lads were in a few hours to face each other as principals in a glove fight. Wallace wore a rather heavy overcoat, and scarf without a collar, and Derby hat. Dixon was more stylishly dressed, and affected light trousers, a dust coat and fashionable cravat. The two bore a striking contrast, Wallace looking for all the world cut out for the profession he has adopted, whilst Dixon was made up as though bent on a picnic. When they settled down into a more thoughtful mood Dixon was very reticent, but Wallace beguiled the time in cheerful conversation, and often broke out into a hearty laugh. At last they were called above to scale, and accommodated with separate rooms, prepared for the ordeal.

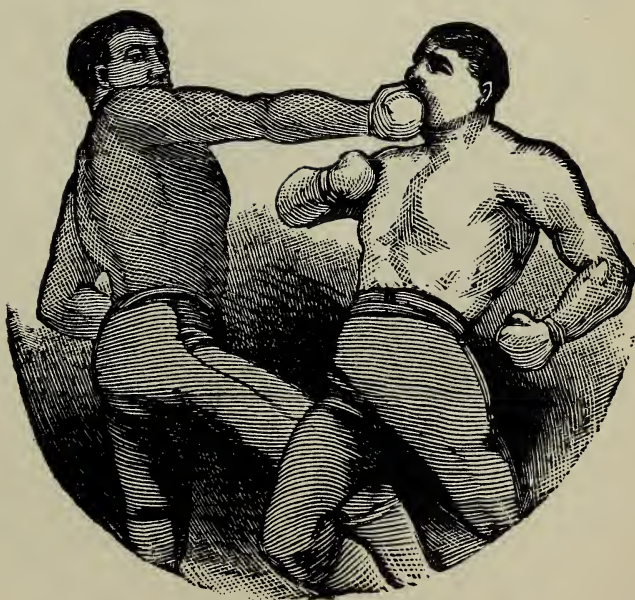
In due course Dixon appeared, and, mounting the scales, registered 8st 1 lb. Wallace followed and was reported 8st.

Both looked splendidly trained, not an atom of superfluous flesh being visible on any portion of their anatomy. When the process had been satisfactorily completed Wallace's face was suffused in smiles, and, throwing his overcoat over him, he retired. Dixon still very serious, and, enveloped in his coat, was escorted to his room. Thus ended the weighing, and in less than half an hour principals and friends had taken leave of the Pelican Club until eleven o'clock. Soon after nine o'clock the writer followed up the steps of the Pelican Club (which were lined with some very useful members of the fistic brigade), Joe M'Auliffe and Billy Madden (his manager), and in a few seconds we were mingling with the already numerous crowd of anxious sightseers. We had left behind us in the main thoroughfare a very mixed company, but Mr. Wells, with admirable forethought and precision, had supplied a reinforcement capable of coping with the slightest insurrection. Happily they were not needed, and for hours remained peacefully in the street discussing the probabilities and improbabilities of the contest until the first person singular emerged from the portals of the club to tell the long-wished for tale.

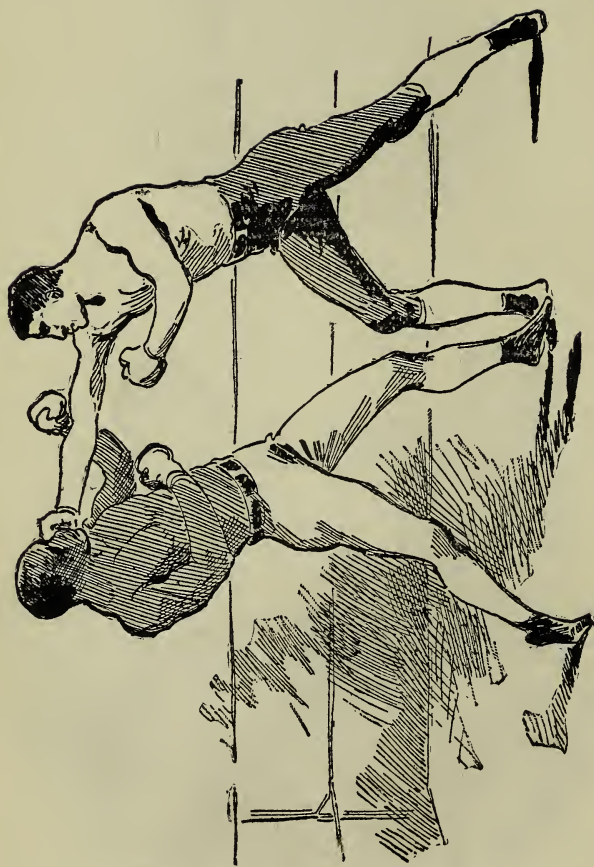
An hour before the contest the company took possession of their seats. "Do you want to lay 2 to 1?" was often heard at the ring-side, and at length the hubbub was silenced by the appearance of the combatants. Wallace, with Alf Greenfield and Dick Roberts, walked to the left-hand corner, and Dixon, with Thomas O'Rourke and T. McGough, to the right. Lord Lonsdale, at this juncture, walked across the floor, armed with Dixon's colors. Charley Roberts conversed for a few seconds and offered to bet £1,000. His



GEO. DIXON.



DIXON DEFEATS WALLACE.



JACK DOWNEY LANDS A HOT ONE ON DIXON'S EAR.

lordship good-humoredly shook his head. Immediately the seconds turned their attention to the contestants, and every eye was centered upon their movements. Charley Mitchell laid Billy Madden £6 to £5 on Wallace. At this juncture Dick Roberts and Morey paraded with Wallace's colors. "They'll fetch two guineas after the fight, certain," was the remark of the purveyors. "Wallace for a monkey!" was cried as Nunc, at ten minutes past 11, entered the arena—smiling and confident, and Dixon calm and serious. The men were photographed by Robinson, of Regent street, in a position, and then retired. Mr. G. Vize, the referee, addressed the company, explaining the new Pelican Club rules, and Wallace walked from his corner and exchanged a color with Dixon. Messrs. A. Bettinson and W. J. King were the judges, and Mr. Reg. Wakefield was the timekeeper. £600 to £500 was offered on Wallace by Johnny O'Neil without a response. Dixon only wore ordinary professional running drawers, black shoes and socks; Wallace black drawers, white stripe, black socks and brown lace-up boots. Mr. J. Fleming made a short speech, introducing the men. Ben Garrington (Wallace's second) was behind his man, and Willis behind Dixon. They shook hands in orthodox style and shaped for the fight.

Wallace proved himself to be worthy of the confidence reposed in him by the fistic cognoscenti of Great Britain, for he fought beautifully through various stages of the battle, encouraging his backers in the belief that he would ultimately win; but the sixteenth round was fatal to his chances. Dixon succeeded in putting a heavy right-hand punch on the jaw, which unsettled him, and but for the gong sending the boys to corners, the Britisher would have been beaten. He recuperated quickly, however, and the seventeenth round found him fighting as fast and furiously as ever, with perhaps a little more respect for Dixon's ability than he had previously evinced. He fought more carefully and landed straight left hand punches frequently, Dixon depending upon his vicious left and right hand swings. The round was in Wallace's favor, and his friends howled with joy at the promised turn in the tide of affairs. Wallace's success, however, was of short duration, for the end came in the eighteenth round. Dixon realized that the crucial time had arrived and he cut loose and hammered Wallace all over the ring, eventually forcing him into his own corner. There England's champion rested on the ropes in a helpless condition and held out his hand in token of defeat.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DIXON-MURPHY FIGHT.

The battle between George Dixon, the colored featherweight of Boston, Mass., and Johnny Murphy, Jake Kilrain's protege, also of the Hub, which had for some time been a sporting topic among the thousands who were patrons of pugilism, was decided in the famous Gladstone Athletic Club, of Providence, R. I., on Oct. 23, 1890. The pugilists fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, at 115 pounds for a purse of \$1,500, with small gloves. Both pugilists specially trained for the encounter, and were in the pink of condition, and after they had weighed in on Oct. 23, the friends of the respective men were confident that the battle would be an obstinate and protracted one, barring some accident or a knockout.

Sporting men from all parts of the country journeyed to witness the fight and Providence was the Mecca of the travelers.

The exterior of the club room on the evening of the fight presented an animated appearance. A tremendous crowd was in the street trying to gain admittance by all kinds of means, and even those who had procured pasteboards, for which divers prices were paid, could not gain an entrance until they were pushed, jostled, and finally had to struggle with the police.

The spectators who were fortunate enough to get in at all were packed like sardines, while outside a howling mob clamored for admittance. At 8:30 P. M. Murphy and his seconds were on hand, but Dixon did not show up.

One of the officers of the club then jumped into the ring and announced that Dixon would forfeit the fight if he did not enter instantly. The referee did not back up the statement, however. Half an hour later Dixon reached the building, but the crowd was so great he could not enter. The police had to clear a passage for the colored lad. At 9 o'clock Murphy entered the ring and stripped for business. Dixon followed a minute later. The men weighed in in Boston. Murphy weighed a good strong 114 pounds, but by inflating his lungs he made the scales balance. Dixon weighed a strong 113 pounds, but he couldn't lift the 114-pound weight.

Among the sporting men present were Mike Kelly, the baseballist. With him were Dick Wakely, Phil Lynch, Jack McAuliffe, Louis Seamers, Ted Foley, Judge Newton, Frank Stevenson. All the afternoon trains from Boston brought crowds of men who were anxious to see the great contest. There were Capt. Cooke, Larry Killian, Jimmie Colville, Billy Mahoney, John J. Murphy, Mike Gleason, Dan Murphy, John Campbell, Florrie Sullivan, Jimmie Hurd, Charlie

Daley, W. H. Miller, Mike Kelly, John J. Braham, Spencer Williams, Ned Holske, Geo. Wilman, and Ned McAvery.

Tom O'Rourke tossed for choice of corners, and, as usual, won. He chose the corner in which Patsy Cardiff, Jack Williams and many others met defeat. "That's the unlucky corner," shouted some one in the crowd. "Never mind; we don't depend on luck," O'Rourke replied, smiling. Dixon weighed exactly 113½ pounds at 4 o'clock, but a great porterhouse steak added at least a pound to his avoirdupois. He wore white trunks and was seconded by Tom O'Rourke and Howard Hodgkins. The white boy weighed 114 pounds and wore short knickerbockers of dark blue. His seconds were Johnny Powers and Danny Gill. The timekeepers were Jesse Brown for the club, handsome Dan Murphy for his namesake, and Mike Bradley, of Boston, for Dixon. Dan Coakely, of Boston, was the referee.

In the betting Dixon was the favorite, the odds being \$100 to \$80 and \$50 to \$40. Jimmy Colville disposed of \$200 in a short time, he taking the Dixon end. Murphy's friends backed him so heartily, however, that even bets were asked for before the men entered the ring.

After 2 hours and 35 minutes of hammer-and-tongs fighting Dixon knocked his man out. It was all one-sided from the first. Dixon had everything his own way. Murphy's hard luck followed him in this battle as in his last with Cal McCarthy, but he showed more pluck and endurance than are generally seen in the ring. He broke the thumb of his left hand in the very first round, and was practically helpless throughout the fight. He stood up for 40 rounds and allowed Dixon to make a chopping block of him without wincing. The last four were sickening. Murphy's left ear was almost torn from his head, and the blood ran in streams over his body. In the fortieth round his body looked as though it had been flayed. He didn't drop, but he was staggering against the ropes when one of his seconds mercifully threw up the sponge.

Dixon won the fight with scarcely a scratch. His left eye was swollen a little, but he didn't look as though he had been through a 40-round fight.

CHAPTER XX.

DIXON WINS THE CHAMPIONSHIP FROM M'CARTHY.

That seventy-round draw with Cal McCarthy was a source of much dissatisfaction to Tom O'Rourke, Dixon's manager, who wanted to keep his protege before the public with an unblemished record, and another fight was arranged to take place at Troy, N. Y., on May 31, 1891. In the meantime, however, the cafe au lait champion had been

touring the country with a vaudeville company, meeting all comers, and winning many fights of the four-round variety.

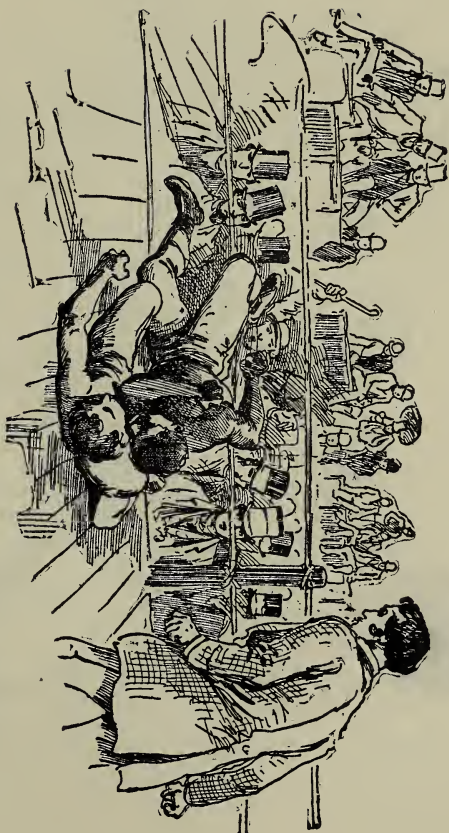
The pending affair of Cal McCarthy, which involved the title of champion and the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt, was causing no end of excitement, and the rink wherein the affair came off was packed almost to suffocation with sporting men from New York, Boston, Albany, Troy and other big cities in the East. The fight was one of the first for which large public purses were given, \$4,000 being the amount involved, with the same amount in stakes being put up by the fighters. They fought with two-ounce gloves, at 115 pounds, and Jere Dunne, of New York, was the referee. The affair lasted twenty-two rounds and was most bitterly contested. McCarthy, who was then making a bid for the highest attainable fistic honors, fought like a demon. He had been trained by Jack McMasters, now the athletic and football trainer to the Princeton University, and he brought his protege into the ring fit to the hour. But McCarthy seemed to lack the cleverness which he had shown on the occasion of his previous meeting with Dixon, or maybe it was that the latter's experience had been beneficial in developing his cleverness. Certain it is, however, that Dixon overshadowed the Jersey lad and gave him a terrible beating before McCarthy's seconds threw up the sponge in recognition of defeat in the twenty-second round.

This victory was a great triumph for the little colored lad, and Tom O'Rourke reissued his challenge to the world.

At this time the game was flourishing on the Pacific coast and fistic celebrities from the Antipodes were constantly arriving in San Francisco. Among these were Abe Willis, the 115 pound champion of Australia. He came here looking for Dixon's woolly scalp and little time was lost in arranging a match. The California Athletic Club offered a \$5,000 purse for a fight involving championship honors. Dixon, not averse to risking his title, and being desirous of "cinching" his claim to the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt, agreed to fight for the championship.

The fight took place at the metropolis of the Golden Gate, on July 28, 1891, and resulted in a great disappointment to the California sporting men, who had figured Willis out to at least have a chance to win. He didn't, however; he proved to be a very ordinary fighter, and Dixon made short work of him, knocking him out in five rounds.

No other opponent for the little champion presented himself, and Tom O'Rourke organized a traveling vaudeville specialty company and, with Dixon as the bright particular star of the aggregation, began a tour through the country, meeting all comers. During the several tours which Dixon made through the States, he probably participated in over six hundred four-round bouts with local aspirants for fistic fame without losing his prestige. This experience was invaluable to him, for he found himself oftentimes compelled to go against



DIXON AND JOHNNY MURPHY ON THE FLOOR TOGETHER.



DIXON AND ERNE SHAPE FOR THE FIRST ROUND.

men who weighed twenty pounds heavier than himself, and ripe, experienced pugilists at that. His success was uninterrupted, due in no small measure to the indefatigable energies of his manager, Tom O'Rourke

CHAPTER XXI.

DEFEATS FRED JOHNSON OF ENGLAND.

Dixon's next battle of importance was with Fred Johnson, the featherweight champion of England. It occurred at Coney Island on June 27, and resulted in a victory for Dixon in fourteen rounds. Johnson was outclassed and never really had a chance to win, although he proved to be a game fellow with a gluttonous appetite for punishment. Two or three times during the fight the gong saved him from being knocked out; but at last the end came, and Dixon dropped him with a left-hand hook-punch on the jaw. The outcome of this affair led to a serious disagreement between Dixon and "Brooklyn Jimmy" Carroll, a middleweight fighter who had espoused Johnson's cause. Dixon offered to go into the ring with Carroll, and make a good-sized wager that the latter could not "stop" him in six rounds. — Nothing came of it, however.

CHAPTER XXII.

SKELLY WAS HIS NEXT VICTIM.

It was about this time that New Orleans, La., began to figure as a factor in the fistic game. Some big fights had been held there, and the Olympic Club decided to hold a fistic carnival to be participated in by champions, having for opponents the men who were recognized as the nearest legitimate claimants for the honors. It was on this occasion that John L. Sullivan and Jim Corbett fought their famous battle, which decided away the big fellow's long cherished title. Jack McAuliffe and Billy Meyers, of Streator, Ill., also contested for the lightweight championship, which resulted in the former's favor.

Who to get for Dixon, however, was a puzzle for the club officials. He was the only recognized winner of a world's championship title that America could boast of, and to have a champions' carnival without O'Rourke's protege would have been like the tragedy of Hamlet minus the personage about whom the story evolved. But the club was in a dilemma, and Dixon would have had to be passed up had not Jack Skelly, of Williamsburg, N. Y., been injected into the game

by a zealous and too confident backer. Skelly had been earning laurels as an amateur. During a career which lasted for several years he had won two or three championships in the amateur division, and displayed such unusual fistic accomplishments that his backer, Billy Reynolds, offered him as an opponent to Dixon, agreeing to bet \$5,000 upon the result in a side wager. The match was made in the POLICE GAZETTE office, Capt. Frank Williams, representing the Olympic Club, agreeing to give a purse of \$7,500 for the bout. The arrangements were acceptable to both parties and articles were signed for the battle to take place on Sept. 6, 1892, the second day of the Carnival.

The eventful day arrived. McAuliffe had defeated Myers the night previous, and the appetite of the fistic enthusiasts was whetted by the pleasing features of that encounter. Dixon tipped the scales at 118 pounds; Skelly was a pound and a half lighter. The fight was of short duration and the result proved the fallacy of putting an inexperienced though willing lad against a seasoned, thoroughly developed fighter. Skelly made a wonderful effort; he showed cleverness and was undoubtedly game, but in fistic science, ring generalship and hitting qualities he was outclassed. For a few rounds he flattered his friends with a hope that he might win, but the realization that he was fighting against vastly superior odds came in the eighth round, when he was knocked out with a right-hand punch on the jaw. He didn't recover for five minutes after being carried to his corner.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PRESENTED WITH THE "POLICE GAZETTE" BELT.

It was in the Spring of 1893 that Dixon returned to the Metropolis, after an unusually brilliant season "on the road." He appeared at Miner's Bowery Theatre, where, on May 31, Mr. Richard K. Fox took advantage of the opportunity to present him with the "Police Gazette" featherweight championship belt. The occasion was a gala one, the theatre being crowded with the friends of the little champion, and after the show the health of the latter and the donor of the belt was pledged in wine. Tom O'Rourke was jubilant and came in for no small portion of Dixon's reflected glory.

Things went along for a few months and Dixon, besides beating half a dozen aspirants for boxing honors, succeeded in getting on a fight with George Siddons. They boxed twelve rounds to a draw for \$2,000.

Eddie Pierce, another graduate from the local amateur ranks, elected to try conclusions with Dixon. The Coney Island Club was

still a flourishing institution and agreed to give a \$6,500 purse. Pierce, like Skelly, failed to uphold his reputation, however. The fight took place on August 15 and Dixon won in three rounds, knocking Pierce out.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PLIMMER GETS A DECISION OVER DIXON.

Then occurred an eventful episode in Dixon's career. Billy Plimmer had acquired the title of bantam champion, and his adherents believed he had an excellent chance to defeat Dixon. The latter admitted his inability to "do" the weight stipulated by the Birmingham lad, and Plimmer proposed a four-round bout for points, to take place in public at Madison Square Garden, New York city. O'Rourke agreed on Dixon's behalf, his object being to have the latter make it as near as possible an even contest, so that Plimmer might be induced to make a match. O'Rourke figured too closely upon this, however, and the result was a decision against his champion. Steve O'Donnell, of Australia, was the referee. In his opinion Plimmer, who was a mighty shifty and clever lad, out-pointed Dixon, and was awarded the honors. This was the first time a decision had been given against Dixon, and he felt very badly over it, for the reason that at any time during the contest he could have cut loose and made a better showing, and probably have beaten Plimmer. O'Rourke tried by every available means to draw Plimmer into a match, but without success, the latter contenting himself with the decision he had gained.

CHAPTER XXV.

FIGHTS THREE DRAWS WITH YOUNG GRIFFO.

A dozen or more brief affairs, just to keep his hand in, and Dixon found himself matched with Young Grippo for twenty rounds in Boston on June 29, 1894. The Australian displayed a lot of cleverness, and although fifteen pounds heavier than his opponent, could not defeat him, and the result was a draw. Six months later, Jan. 19, 1895, they tried it again, this time for twenty-five rounds, at Coney Island, and again the honors were even at the end. Johnny Griffin, of Braintree, Mass., was Dixon's next opponent in a long argument. They fought twenty-five rounds, at Boston, on August 27, 1895, and Dixon won. Young Grippo and he for the third time fought a draw,

this one of ten rounds under the auspices of the Manhattan Athletic Club of New York city. Frank Erne, a clever young Buffalonian, who was destined to be the man to win a decision from Dixon, had been doing some wonderful things in the fistic line, defeating lots of first-class men, and he was matched against the champion for ten rounds. The result was a draw.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BOXES PEDLAR PALMER AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

In January, 1896, "Pedlar" Palmer, the London bantam, who had just gained a decisive victory over Billy Plimmer in England, took a flying trip to America and he and George were matched for a six-round bout at Madison Square Garden. Everybody had heard tales of Pedlar's surpassing cleverness, and on Jan. 30 the big amphitheatre was hardly large enough to hold the people who tried to get within the walls. Palmer's reputation as a clever lad was not unfounded at the boxing game. For the first three rounds he maintained a nice lead over his colored opponent, but when the latter, during the last half of the contest, cut loose in his familiar style—that is, his fighting style—Palmer showed his inferiority, and it was apparent that in a fight of any long duration Dixon would win. Every inducement was offered Palmer to remain here and fight Dixon, but the trial convinced him that he was against too stiff a game and he popped back to England.

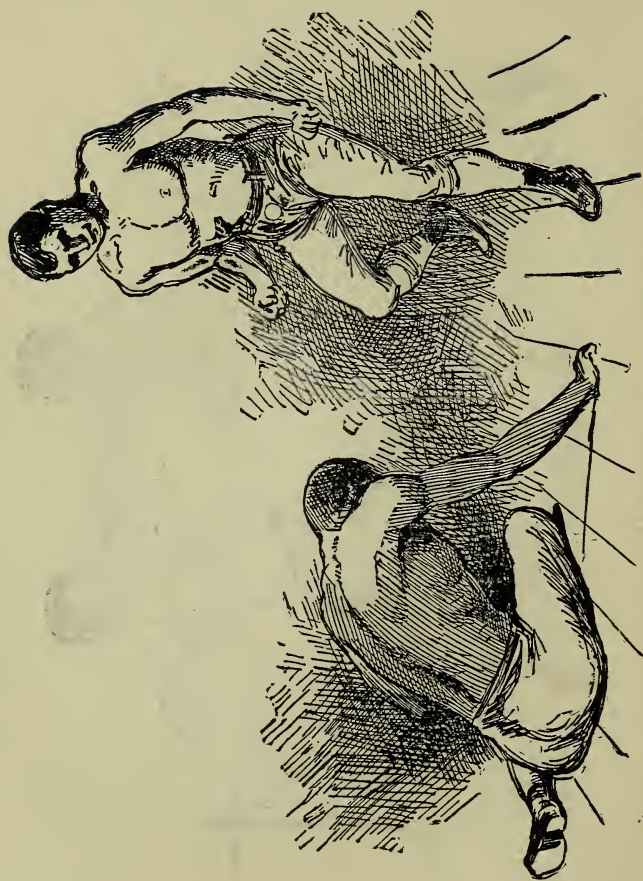
Jerry Marshall, of Australia, was Dixon's next victim. They fought in Boston on March 17, 1896, and the Australian quit after seven rounds.

Dixon and Tom O'Rourke parted company at this juncture. Dixon had been dissipating very hard and a disagreement was the result. Dixon undertook to get along without a manager. He arranged a twenty-round match with Martin Flaherty, of Lowell, Mass., a fighter of the rough and ready type, who depended upon tactics rarely employed by fair fighters to win his battles. Dixon came within an ace of being beaten, good critics claiming that the decision of a draw was an injustice to Flaherty.

The operation of the Horton law, permitting boxing in New York State, began on Sept. 1, 1896, and Tom O'Rourke, who was associated with the writer in the ownership of the Broadway Athletic Club, decided to match Dixon against Tommy White, of Chicago, for the opening attraction on Sept. 25, 1896. Dixon failed to display true championship form. His mode of living had begun to tell upon him and he was unable to give White the kind of a fight he might have



DIXON LEADS LEFT FOR THE HEAD AND RIGHT FOR THE BODY.



LAVIGNE GIVES WALCOTT A HIDING.

done had he been in good condition. The consequence was that the Chicago lad fought him a very even battle and the decision was a draw.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ERNE GAINS A DECISION OVER DIXON.

Then came Dixon's eventful fight with Frank Erne, of Buffalo, on Nov. 27, 1896, at the Broadway Athletic Club. For the second time in his career Dixon heard the announcement of a decision in favor of his opponent. The referee was Sam C. Austin, the sporting editor of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, and in his report of the fight, which appeared in that paper, he said:

"Frank Erne, of Buffalo, received the decision over George Dixon in a twenty-round contest, which took place before the Broadway Athletic Club, New York, on Nov. 27. For ten years Dixon has fought his way into prominence as the recognized featherweight champion of the world. He won his title in engagements that involved the total annihilation of his antagonists—finish fights. In that peculiar line of work he has no superior in the ring to-day, but as a scientific boxer he has superiors, and as he and Erne agreed to box a scientific contest, involving the finer points of the game, eliminating the chance possibilities of a knockout, so must the merits of the affair be adjudged. Erne proved to be in every respect a superior boxer; he outpointed Dixon at long range, beat him decisively at in-fighting, and displayed a thorough knowledge of ring generalship, besides possessing courage and fearlessness—a quality which was lacking in other men who have faced the redoubtable little colored featherweight in the ring. He was great in attack, showing himself to be a splendid judge of distance, while his defense work was so admirable as to call forth spontaneous applause from veteran ring-goers, who were able to appreciate the excellent quality of his work. He had evidently made a close study of Dixon's peculiar style of fighting. He timed himself to be well in on his antagonist when the latter swung his favorite one-two punches—left at the body and the right at the head. Erne blocked these cleverly, and made his return deliveries at short range with telling effect.

"Against him Dixon's famous rushing tactics were futile. Erne met those rushes with a straight left hand against which Dixon rushed as he might against a stone wall. Times without number Erne stopped Dixon with this blow, and he augmented the force of it with a wicked right which seldom failed to land upon the body.

"Dixon's successes in the past were due to the fact that his opponents have never tried to analyze his peculiar style of fighting, with

a view to overcoming his advantages. Tommy White utilized a straight left hand lead to some purpose, but it remained for Erne to solve the problem by blocking Dixon's leads and stepping in with a quick two-handed follow.

"Neither man was badly punished or distressed at the end, and there is no doubt could have gone on for many rounds longer, but at the end of the stipulated number Erne had a long lead in the matter of points, and the decision in his favor was received with uproarious applause.

"It was a new experience for the veteran followers of the ring to see the hitherto invincible Dixon outmastered at his own game by a sturdy, vigorous youth. For the first time in their lives men who have followed Dixon in all his important battles saw him put upon the defensive. They saw him fought into his own corner and against the ropes. They saw him stand back, not afraid, but trembling nevertheless and wondering at the unlooked-for ability of the man before him.

"When they saw Erne meet him with a straight left hand, that he stopped seldom, except with his face or body, they could scarcely believe the evidence of their senses. It was not until they saw him backing away from Erne that they were forced to the conclusion that Dixon, for the first time in his life in his own class, was meeting a pugilist who asked no favors from him.

According to their agreement the lads had weighed 122 pounds at three o'clock, so that in the matter of weight neither had the advantage. Erne was the bigger frame and to make the weight he was more finely drawn. The muscles of his body stood out clear and sharp, but the dark lines under his eyes told that he must have done a great deal of hard work and suffered some to scale the limit.

"He appeared strong and confident, however, and never once displayed any of that temerity or half-heartedness which had proved fatal to many of Dixon's former opponents. His body appeared to be of alabaster whiteness almost, when contrasted with his dark blue, neat-fitting trunks. Although lean, he looked strong and proved it in the contest just before him.

"Dixon, shorter by an inch but possessing all the confidence born of many victories, some of them hard-fought and all of them clean, faced the white boy smilingly. His skin shone like bronze, and the white breech clout which he wore gave to it a deeper hue.

"If he was not as good and as strong as at any stage of his career, he gave no indication of it. His skin had the tinge of health in it. When he walked to the centre of the ring, his step was as elastic and his air as confident as ever.

"And in the contest itself, at least until he had been stopped repeatedly by that terrible left of Erne's, he worked with that tireless energy which has been characteristic of him in all his battles.

"For the first twelve rounds Dixon struggled along gallantly. Although severely punished, he declined to believe that the honors were slipping away from him.

"He had been in many a tight place before, and always had come out on top. But, with the passing of the twelfth round his confidence and his steam began to ooze away. Then it was that sporting men for the first time saw him fight on the defensive.

"In the seventeenth round he began to pull away from Erne, and from that time to the finish he clearly battled for a draw, but Erne's right to the decision was not to be denied."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHAT THE CRITICS SAID ABOUT IT.

Subsequently Referee Austin had this to say in reply to the unfavorable criticisms upon the decision which emanated from Dixon's adherents :

"As to the justice or injustice of the sentiments publicly and privately expressed I leave others to judge, reserving for myself the consolation that I acted conscientiously and without prejudice in giving a decision that to my mind was fair, and governed impartially by what transpired in the ring.

"I rejoice in the fact that my opinion upon the merits of the encounter is shared by the majority of the gentlemen who wrote the descriptions of the fight for the New York city newspapers. Being eye-witnesses of the affair, and accredited with possessing more than an average amount of knowledge upon the subject, and the ability to express their views intelligently, their opinions deserve respectful consideration, and I take pleasure in quoting briefly from them:

"Mr. Dobbins, of the United Press, had the following to say in his comments: 'Frank Erne, the clever featherweight from Buffalo, went up several rungs in the ladder of pugilistic fame by outpointing George Dixon, the famous colored champion, in their 20-round encounter. The decision was received with applause, but there were many who thought that the result should have been a draw. The referee, however, considered that Erne had outpointed his dusky opponent with a good deal to spare. It was a fast and splendid battle from start to finish. Dixon commenced hostilities with his usual whirlwind rushes, but in Erne he met his match. The Buffalo boy stopped the colored cyclone with straight left jabs in the face. . . . Dixon did nearly all the leading, but with the exception of a series of rights on the body was invariably stopped and countered, and, in

addition, when Erne took a hand in the leading, he smashed the hitherto invincible boy without ceremony.

“‘There is no doubt that in Erne Dixon has found his match. The Buffalo boy has improved immensely since his meeting with Dixon at the New Manhattan A. C. a year ago, on which occasion they fought a draw. Then Erne was on the long range defensive throughout, but to-night he mixed things up with George at close quarters, and showed a big improvement in hitting powers.

“‘Beyond the red and raw epidermis on his ribs the Buffalo boy showed none the worse for the encounter at the finish, and was, if anything, a trifle fresher than Dixon.’

“Joe Vila, of the New York *Sun*, wrote: ‘Erne showed remarkable cleverness, and proved the hardest man that Dixon ever faced. . . . Erne deserves credit for putting up the fastest aggressive work of any pugilist that has met the champion, not barring Tommy White, of Chicago. He stood up to Dixon’s fierce rushes like a man and was not afraid to mix things. At in-fighting he was perhaps a bit superior, but at long range he was clearly outclassed. In defensive tactics, Erne showed all the skill of a real ring general, and throughout the encounter he never lost his head, keeping well within himself and taking no chances. Dixon was in reasonably good condition, but he did not fight as in days gone by. His tactics were the same that he has used in all of his battles, rushing with double swings for the body and jaw. He did little or no straight jabbing, leaving that method of attack to his antagonist. He paid more attention to the short ribs and wind than to the vital spot on the jaw. Dixon has undoubtedly gone back in strength, for Erne was able to stop his rushes with hard clinches and straight lefts that almost always landed on the face.’

“Eugene Comiskey, the writer on pugilism for the *Morning Journal*, said: ‘Erne defeated Dixon in twenty rounds of the prettiest and cleverest kind of fighting ever seen in this vicinity.

“‘It was a clever fight from the very start to the finish, and Erne impressed the spectators as a winner after the very first round. Dixon appeared drawn too fine, while Erne was very strong at every stage of the contest.

“‘Dixon was badly used up. Both eyes were almost closed and he had two gashes under his left optic, while his nose and ear were all puffed.

“‘Erne, on the other hand, did not bear a mark or a bruise and retired from the ring almost as fresh as when he entered it. The decision was undoubtedly a popular one.’

“John Boden, sporting editor of the New York *Press*, in expressing his opinion subsequently said:

“‘Dixon was on his feet at the finish, and was able to go on, but in the opinion of Sam Austin, the referee, Erne had done the better

work, and he declared him the winner. His decision has been criticised freely and harshly. Mr. Austin in all probability was prepared for such criticism.

“Where two men are on their feet and able to go on at the end of a limited round contest there always will be a difference of opinion. This quite natural antagonism was accentuated in the Erne-Dixon case by the fact that the latter was the champion of his class, and has an exceedingly large number of admirers. Many of them bet upon him. Every one of them was displeased because a decision against him was given in a contest which was not to a finish.

“The fact that the decision was given in a limited-round contest and while Dixon was on his feet and able to proceed is responsible for much of the criticism to which Mr. Austin has been subjected. But the referee was there to give a decision—to pick a winner if he could. It was not his business to consider that Dixon was the champion of the class. At his hands Dixon was entitled to no more consideration than Erne. If, in his opinion, Erne did the better work in the twenty rounds in which the contest lasted, it was his duty to decide in Erne’s favor. What was he to do—admit Erne’s superior work, but decide the contest a draw, giving as a reason that he did not like to decide against the champion simply because he was the champion? That would have been an injustice to Erne, and Sam Austin could not be guilty of doing an injustice to anybody.

“In the opinion of the writer the decision was a good one.”

“The late Howard Hackett, who was known all over the country as the fearless and impartial critic of the New York *World*, wrote: ‘George Dixon, for years looked upon by the entire sporting world as the greatest fighter of his weight and inches in the world, was defeated in a 20-round contest by Frank Erne, of Buffalo. The decision was a popular one, but many impartial critics freely declared that Mr. Austin would have covered himself with glory by declaring the bout a draw. So far as straight punching and clean hits were concerned, the decision was well merited. To be sure, Dixon was the aggressor during the good part of the engagement, but his wild swings were in very many instances cleverly stopped by Erne. The Boston boy did not display his old-time form to great advantage.’

“Finally Langdon Smith, who has reported every fistic event in the country during the past decade for the New York *Herald*, had this to say in his article: ‘The fistic star of George Dixon has set, temporarily at least. The featherweight champion of the world was beaten by Frank Erne, of Buffalo. Dixon was not knocked out. Neither was there any knockdowns during the entire battle of twenty rounds. Dixon showed his old-time aggressiveness from the start, but he was not the springing wildcat of other days. It was the old story of the pitcher going to the well once too often. George Dixon in his day has probably knocked out more fighters and would-be fight-

ers than any man living. In the opinion of most of the sporting men who saw his fight with Erne he has gone his limit and has fallen back into the ruck.

" 'He was certainly not the wonder of old. This, however, detracts in no ways from the victory of Erne. Dixon did most of the leading, even to the finish, but his blows were ineffectual, and not once during the entire twenty rounds did he land on Erne's neck with his right.

" 'The Buffalo man gave him punch for punch until the end, and in the last four rounds all Dixon's force was expended. He had shot his bolt. On the contrary, Erne was good and strong to the finish, and had the battle gone ten rounds further he would have emphasized his lead, round by round to the end.' "

CHAPTER XXIX.

DIXON MENDS HIS WAYS AND TRAINS FOR ERNE.

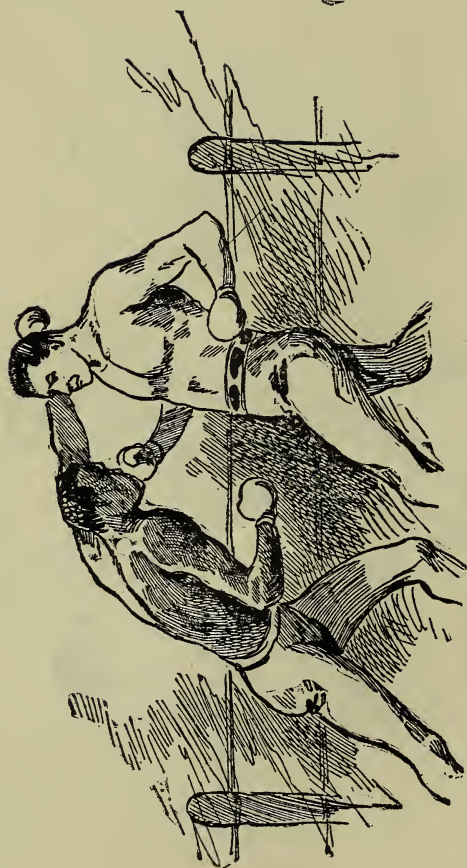
To retrieve his lost laurels was now Dixon's only ambition. Naturally, Tom O'Rourke tried to arrange another match with Erne, but the latter, flaunting his title of champion, started upon a starring tour through the country. Failing to get any recognition from the latter, Dixon made a match with Australian Billy Murphy for \$2,000 a side and the gate receipts, at the Broadway Athletic Club on Jan. 22, 1897. Murphy proved to be an easy victim, and was knocked out by a stomach punch in the sixth round.

Dixon, realizing the necessity of being in good condition for Erne when the latter agreed to fight again, began now to take care of himself and gave up his dissipating habits and trained carefully and conscientiously. He did not do so well as expected of him when he fought Jack Downey, of Brooklyn, a twenty-round draw at the Broadway Athletic Club, on February 15. When he had Downey for an opponent in a four-round bout at Miner's Bowery Theatre two years before, he put him out in two rounds.

Frank Erne had become convinced by this time that as a pugilistic vaudeville star he was a pronounced and emphatic frost, and he decided to do some more fighting. Martin Flaherty, of Lowell, got a decision over him, and there was nothing for him to do but accept Dixon's defi.

AUSTIN GIBBONS AN EASY VICTIM.





WEST STAGGERS WALCOTT WITH A HARD RIGHT ON THE JAW.

CHAPTER XXX.

DIXON REGAINS HIS TITLE.

They fought at the Broadway Athletic Club on April 7, and after twenty-five rounds Dixon regained his title, being adjudged the winner without a dissenting voice. The contest was remarkable in many respects.

The men had agreed to weigh in at 122 pounds, and each posted \$500 forfeit with Sam Austin of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, to guarantee scaling in. When the weighing-in hour came at noon on the day of the battle Dixon hopped upon the scales with a confident smile. The bar had been set at 122 pounds, and it never even trembled as the colored boxer balanced himself lightly on his stocking feet.

Erne approached the scale attired only in a bland smile. "I guess I'm a bit overweight," he said, in a half shrinking way, as if wondering what effect this statement would have on Dixon's manager.

"Well, you look pretty big for 122," was O'Rourke's rejoinder, as he bent over the scales and inspected the beam. Erne was overweight, and when O'Rourke got through moving up the counter balance Erne's weight registered 130½ pounds, or 8½ above the stipulated figure. Dixon's real weight was said to be 116½. Jim Kennedy and O'Rourke then had a wordy discussion. The former objected to paying the \$500 forfeit, but finally agreed to settle for \$250.

O'Rourke was inclined to refuse to permit Dixon to give away so much weight, and as late as 8 o'clock he was considering the advisability of calling off the show and returning the people their money. Spike Sullivan and Kid McPartland were begging O'Rourke to give them the chance of going against Erne.

It was the little stout-hearted colored champion, however, who settled all argument.

"Tom," he said, "it's all right; I'll fight him if he weighs a ton."

O'Rourke shook his head obstinately, but Dixon was firm. He was in magnificent condition, and decided, for the last time, to go out of his class and fight a lightweight, for Erne was a full-fledged lightweight. At 7 o'clock he weighed more than 133 pounds, and it is safe to assume he was 135 pounds when the bout began. Dixon was in the neighborhood of 120 pounds.

As soon as O'Rourke had placed Dixon comfortably in his chair, he called for order, and informed the crowd of the state of affairs.

There was a wild yell of indignation when the manager said Erne was 8½ pounds overweight, and from several parts of the house came the cry:

"Don't let him fight, Tom!"

"He doesn't want to disappoint you gentlemen," said O'Rourke, pointing to Dixon, and the sporting men gave three cheers for the plucky little champion. Erne's entrance into the ring was devoid of applause.

When Referee Roche entered the ring he caused the announcement that all bets were off to be made, giving as his reason that those who had wagered on Dixon were ignorant of the advantage Erne had in the weights, and to hold them to their agreements until the information had been disseminated would be unfair. Many bets were made, however, after Roche's decision had been given, even money being bet and taken freely by Dixon's adherents.

The fight was a disappointment, Erne showing none of the speed, defense or hitting qualities he displayed when he fought Dixon before and gained a decision over him.

The opening two rounds were ridiculously tame. Dixon's tactics heretofore have always been to rush from the clang of the gong, but to the surprise of the crowd he began to fiddle and feint for an opening. For nearly two minutes this manoeuvring was kept up. Erne was not to be drawn into making a lead, however, and finally the colored champion opened hostilities with a left lead for the face. The Buffalo boy neatly blocked it and got in an easy counter. There were only two other blows struck in this round, Dixon landing two light lefts.

There was little to the second round, the crowd cheering lustily when the colored boy landed one of his old left leads with rapid right swing following, Erne missing the counter. The Buffalo boy was playing his old game, strictly on the defensive.

The opening of the third round was hot. Dixon dashed in at once in his old-time style and landed, two clinches ensuing. The colored boy then landed a beautiful flush blow on Erne's eye, the flesh puffing up immediately. The Buffalo boy evened this up, however, by a terrific right-hand blow over the heart.

From now until the eleventh round Dixon fought in his old rapid style and had a nice margin of each round. He was fighting Erne on new lines. For the first time in his marvelous ring career the colored champion dropped his famous swinging left lead for the body and jaw and depended almost entirely on straight leads. It was a departure that puzzled the Buffalo lad, who has carefully studied Dixon's method of fighting. It also nonplussed ring followers, who have always declared that the colored boy had only one style, a left swing and a right follow.

In these first eleven rounds Erne did not show the dexterity of his previous encounter with Dixon. He was shifty enough on his feet, but seemed uncertain and slow at critical stages. The confident bearing that distinguished him in the last contest was sadly missing, and the sports whispered to each other:

"Martin Flaherty took the heart out of him at the New York Athletic Club."

Beginning with the twelfth round Erne shook off his slowness and began to put more life in his work. He got in two clipping right-hand blows on Dixon's jaw, and the last one would probably have placed Dixon in danger had it landed an inch or so further up. The colored boy drew back the short distance just in time. It was the first round that Erne had made an even thing of it.

Dixon took a decided lead in the thirteenth round, driving Erne all over the ring. He got in one right-hand swing on the Buffalo boy's stomach that made Erne gasp and wince with pain. It was directly in the pit, and Erne went back to his corner tired and exhausted.

Dixon increased his advantage round after round after this, although Erne was putting up a much better argument than in the first half of the fight. Dixon was always the aggressor, Erne apparently being too cautious to lead. This timidity angered the crowd and at the close of the twentieth round hisses came from all parts of the building.

The Buffalo boy came up for the twenty-first round vicious and determined to bring the affair to an end. He began leading and time after time swung his dangerous right in efforts to land a knock-out blow. He caught Dixon a few times and there was plenty of steam behind the blows.

In the twenty-second round Erne depended almost entirely on his right and followed Dixon around the ring, trying to land a finishing blow. It looked as if the colored man was weary, for he kept away from the Buffalo man as much as he could. Erne landed a terrific right-hand uppercut under the heart.

The twenty-third round was Erne's. He forced matters throughout, and the colored champion had a badly injured eye as he went to his corner.

In the last two rounds Erne rushed desperately and there were many vicious clinches. The Buffalo lad kept swinging his right, but Dixon had his eye on it all the time, so that no vulnerable point could be reached. In the twenty-fifth round the colored boy kept away as much as he could. The call of time came with Erne punching away angrily in a clinch.

"The referee decides in favor of Dixon," yelled Announcer Harvey, and the thousands went wild with joy. It was a popular decision.

Referring to the fight, Sam Austin wrote in the *POLICE GAZETTE*:

"One of the most satisfactory things that have taken place in connection with the ring of late was George Dixon's defeat of Frank Erne, and many of the former's friends are claiming that it was a just retribution visited upon the Buffalo lad for resorting to unfair

and unsportsmanlike means to accomplish his rival's defeat. Erne was always a generous opponent, but it is impossible to reconcile that opinion now with his recent unsportsmanlike action. No construction of the facts can be made that is favorable to the Buffalo man, and there is less excuse for him in acting unfairly than there might be for a less intelligent fighter. Boxing, as conducted to-day, is, on the whole, an honest game, but Erne's weighing-in trick is calculated to injure it, and deserves no sympathy. When Erne weighed in 8½ pounds overweight he did not keep faith with the club, Dixon or the public. He took on the weight deliberately, and gave the club no chance to declare the bout off and substitute another. He knew that he would have the club and Dixon in a corner; that rather than disappoint the crowd they would concede the immense eight pounds handicap. It was a shabby trick, and if Erne adheres to his alleged determination to retire, no one will regret it. Dixon—the featherweight champion—beat him notwithstanding the trick, and the victory was deservedly popular.

CHAPTER XXXI.

GRIFFIN WAS A GAME LAD.

Johnny Griffin, of Braintree, Mass., who had been in retirement since two years before, when he was beaten by Dixon in twenty-five rounds, now reappeared upon the scene and agreed to fight him again. This battle was also held under the auspices of the Broadway Athletic Club on April 26, and resulted in another victory for the indomitable little colored lad. Griffin, however, gave an exhibition of gameness hardly paralleled in the annals of the ring.

It did not seem possible that flesh and blood could stand the battering which was administered to him, but he stood it for twenty rounds, and was prepared to go on had the contest been extended. The spectators who witnessed his game and determined struggle against the little colored wonder voiced their admiration in three cheers and a tiger, which they offered up with all the strength of their lungs after the referee had declared Dixon to be the winner. It was a rare tribute to a defeated man, but it was not undeserved.

There never was a more popular fighter before the public than George Dixon. Apart from his fistic accomplishments he always conducted himself decorously, was ever a gentleman in his manners, and made friends everywhere. Even when he fought white opponents in the Southern States, notably New Orleans, where the race question still arouses antagonism, he was treated with the utmost consideration by the white people, and his victory aroused no ill-feeling or prejudice.

It is no exaggeration to say that his earnings since he began his career in the ring have been upwards of \$200,000, but notwithstanding this, he has comparatively little of it left. Much of Dixon's success may be attributed to Tom O'Rourke, his manager. No man could have been more astute, careful, patient and considerate than he was in handling his protegee. Dixon trusted him blindly and never ventured to question O'Rourke's efforts in his behalf. The latter is deserving of quite as much of the credit of Dixon's success as the latter is himself.

CHAPTER XXXII.

JOE WALCOTT, THE BLACK DEMON.

Another of Tom O'Rourke's discoveries was Joe Walcott, who earned the sobriquet of "Black Demon," through his aggressive style of fighting in the ring. Walcott was born in Barbadoes, April 7, 1872, and before beginning his fistic career served before the mast on ships plying between Boston and West Indian ports. It was in Boston, Mass., that he first displayed his fistic accomplishments and attracted the attention of the pugilistic connoisseurs. Unlike Dixon, he was very black in color and every facial feature was characteristic of his race. He was very short of stature, standing only 5 feet 1½ inches. He made up for this deficiency, however, by having a massive frame, short bull neck, and legs and arms enormously developed and muscular. He was in every respect a fighting machine, and delighted in being cruel to an opponent even after it was demonstrated that he would be the victor.

Walcott began his ring career in Boston, defeating a local lad named Tom Powers, in two rounds. During his novitiate he beat a dozen or more fairly good fighters, without sustaining a defeat. He did not really attract any attention, however, until he joined O'Rourke and Dixon, in the fall of 1892. His first essay under the former's management was a triumph. During the week of October 22-29, he met all comers in Philadelphia, and had for opponents Fred Morris, Muldoon's Cyclone, Joe Larg and Andy Watson, three of the toughest customers there were in the black division. His bouts with Morris and Watson ended with honors even, but he beat Larg decisively, knocking him out in three rounds. O'Rourke kept him at this sort of thing for another year. During 1893 Walcott traveled with the combination, meeting all comers.

His victories included Wolf Cohen, one round; Jim McNamara, four rounds; Buck Hamilton, one round; James Lawson, one round; Max Pierce, two rounds; Jack Cox, four rounds; Professor Green, two rounds; Bob Reardon, four rounds; Mitchell, three rounds;

Lee Damro, three rounds; George Gibbons, one round; Jack Dobson, four rounds; Jack Hannan, two rounds; Billy Dougherty, four rounds; Jack Rehan, four rounds; Dan Mason, two rounds; Black Pearl of Philadelphia, three rounds; Talbot Daley, two rounds; Leon, two rounds; Bill Morse, three rounds; Joe Johnson, four rounds; Dan Murphy, one round, and perhaps twenty-five others.

His first fight of any duration, however, occurred on June 5, 1893, when he defeated Paddy McGuiggon, at Newark, N. J., in ten rounds.

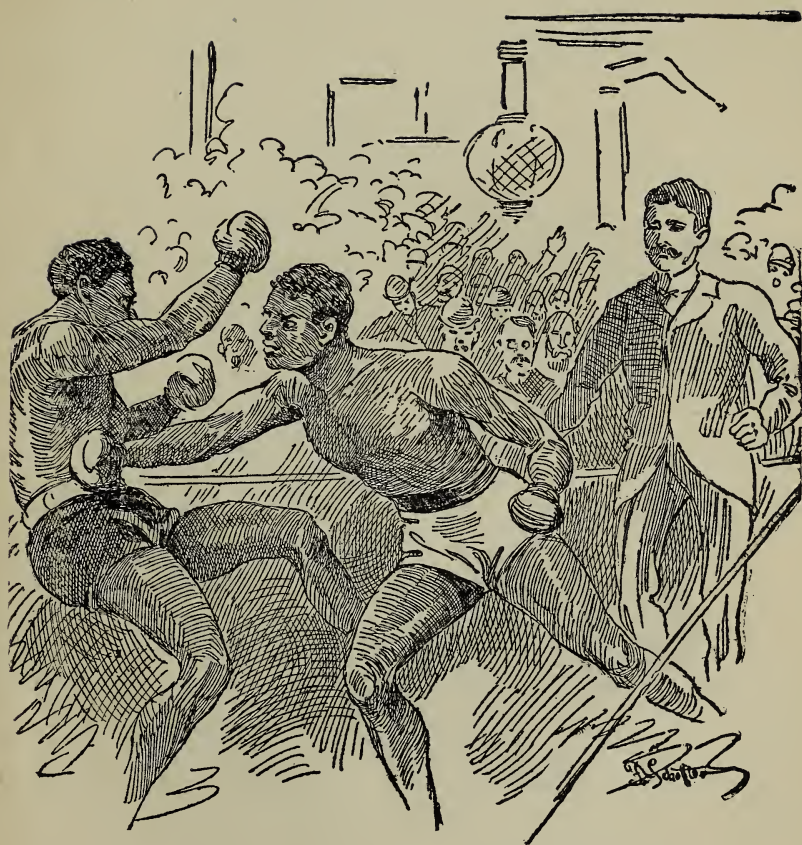
His first reverse occurred at the Academy of Music, in New York, on June 17, 1893. He was pitted against Mike Harris, of New York, in a four round bout for points. Honest John Kelly, who was the referee, decided in Harris's favor. This decision resulted in another match being made, which took place in Boston just a year later, in which Harris was knocked out in six rounds. Walcott had in the meantime fought a lot of second raters.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

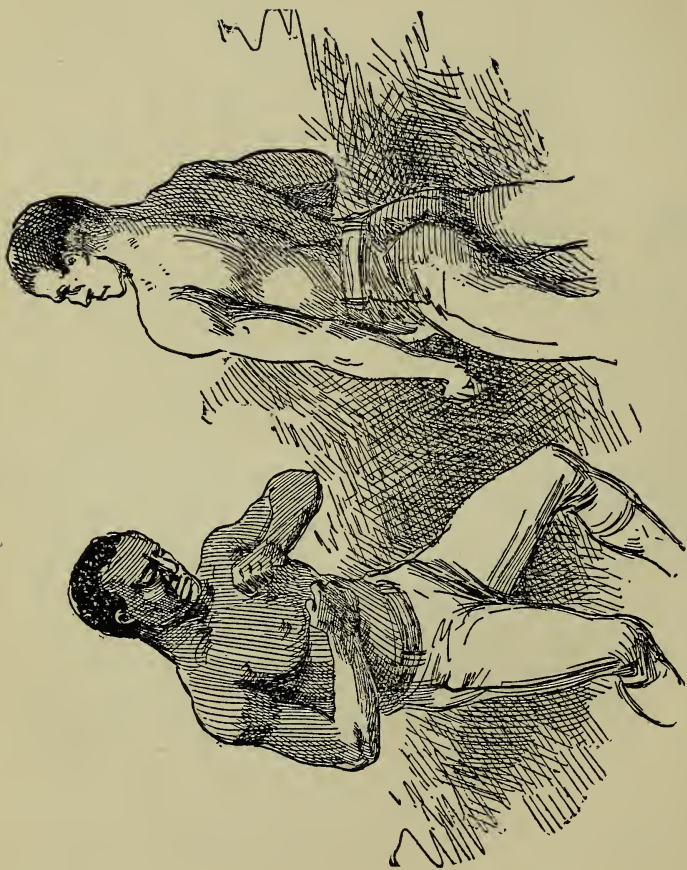
TRACEY KNOCKED OUT.

One affair, however, is worthy of extended reference. Tommy Tracey, who claimed the welterweight championship of Australia, came East after making a negative sort of a debut in San Francisco, and was matched against Walcott to fight in Boston, on April 19, 1894. This was an eventful occasion for the "Black Demon;" for the first time he found himself matched against a fighter of quality, and much depended upon the outcome. The fight lasted sixteen rounds. Tracey displayed all the cleverness as a boxer for which he was noted, and showed a splendid knowledge of ring tactics, but he could not resist the onslaught of his black opponent, who seemed proof against punishment. Walcott knocked Tracey out in the sixteenth round, but not until he had beaten and mutilated him in the most horrible manner. This victory sent Walcott's pugilistic reputation away up, and O'Rourke taking advantage of his opportunity posted a substantial deposit with Richard K. Fox, and challenged Jack McAuliffe for the title of lightweight champion. The latter procrastinated, and while not absolutely refusing to fight, delayed matters in a way which proved beyond all doubt that he had no liking for the job.

Dick O'Brien, of Lewiston, Me., was knocking around Boston about this time looking for a pugilistic engagement. He was well along in the welterweight class at this time, and sporting men of the Hub had a decidedly good opinion of his fistic capabilities. O'Rourke ignored the difference in weight and matched Walcott against him.



WALCOTT PUIS "BRIGHT EYES" OUT OF THE BUSINESS.



TOMMY WEST MAKES THE "BLACK DEMON" VERY TIRED.

The fight took place in Boston, on July 6 following, and will live long in the recollection of those who witnessed it, as one of the most viciously contested battles in the history of the ring. It was a slashing mill in which both men were punished badly. Finally in the twelfth round, O'Brien, who had been staggering and reeling about the ring, was floored by a straight right-hand punch on the chin. He was unable to get up and the referee counted him out.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AUSTIN GIBBONS WAS AN EASY VICTIM.

Then along came Austin Gibbons, whom many believe to be the only lightweight who had a legitimate claim to talk fight to McAuliffe. Walcott and he were matched to fight at the Atlantic Athletic Club, Coney Island, on October 15, 1894. Gibbons proved to be a disappointment. In four rounds, Walcott had him decisively beaten and stretched insensible in the ring.

Another tour with the O'Rourke-Dixon combination during the winter of 1894-95, found him knocking out all comers again, and his victims in short, impromptu bouts, were perhaps a hundred.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MYSTERIOUS BILLY SMITH GETS A DRAW.

Mysterious Billy Smith, who had earned quite a reputation as a fighter in the West, journeyed to Boston and evinced a disposition to fight O'Rourke's champion. Smith and Tommy Ryan had fought twice for the welterweight championship and honors between them were even. Walcott's challenge to Ryan had been refused, but the mysterious one displayed an inclination to back out of an engagement with the black fellow. They fought in Boston, on March 1, 1895, and the black fellow was a pronounced favorite.

He realized the hopes and expectations of his admirers, for he won clearly enough, although the referee's decision was a draw. This was the opinion of nine-tenths of the 4,000 spectators, and the general sentiment was that Smith was extremely lucky in getting a split. There was some misunderstanding about the termination of the contest in the fifteenth round, for when the fight reached that eventful crisis, Tom O'Rourke, Walcott's manager, wanted to go on to a finish, maintaining that Wescott, Smith's manager, verbally agreed

to do so, but he referred O'Rourke to the articles of agreement which stipulated that the men box only 15 rounds. Walcott said that Smith was a coward because he refused to continue.

Had the contest been decided on scientific points the referee, or any fair-minded man, could not have hesitated to award it to Walcott. To be sure Smith was aggressive, but was unable to land his blows, while Walcott's left drives at long range were placed with phenomenal accuracy.

Walcott's fame as a rusher and in-fighter had created a profound impression on Smith, and it was, indeed, a surprise to many to see the latter open the contest with long range fighting. It was patent to even the novices present that Smith was simply outclassed at his style of fighting, his left drives going wide of their mark and his right swings cutting the air in the spot where Walcott once stood, only to find O'Rourke's champion come bobbing up ten feet away with a broad smile on his face, showing his fine set of ivories to great advantage.

In Walcott's corner were his manager, Tom O'Rourke, champion George Dixon, Jack Havlin and Morris Kelly. Smith had in his corner Billy Hennessy, Howie Hodgkins, Jim Gillon and Frank Rose. Capt. Bill Daly, the master of ceremonies, then introduced the referee, Barney Aaron, who was given a rousing reception. The timers were Mike Bradley for Walcott, Dan Murphy for Smith and Ed McAvoy for the club, under the auspices of which the contest was given.

When the gong sounded for the first round both quickly sprang to the centre and fiddled for an opening. Smith tried for a left jab, which he missed, and they came together with a bang, Smith holding Walcott up. When he let him down he landed a hard smash over the heart. Walcott showed his dislike for such familiarity by breaking ground, and then coming in with the force of a pile driver, sending his left crashing on Smith's nose, spreading the crimson fluid all over the latter's face.

When they came together for the second round, Smith landed his favorite left jab lightly on the mark, which tended to ruffle Walcott's feathers, for he went at Smith like a bull, driving Smith to the ropes with a storm of blows. In breaking away Walcott tried to land a short right chop, but Smith screwed his head clear of the dangerous swing, and heavily uppercut Walcott.

They were no sooner separated than they were at it again, and Walcott landed a terrific swing on Smith's face which sent him clean off his pins. They went at it again, Smith using very foul tactics when the men were locked together.

At the opening of the third round Walcott landed a vicious uppercut as a result of Smith's unsuccessful lead, and before the latter could regain his equilibrium, Walcott administered the same blow

with even greater force. Smith managed to get in a fairly stiff counter, and Walcott retaliated with a bang on the ear with his right. Then his left went crashing into Smith's body. A clinch followed, in which Walcott claimed that Smith was fouling him.

They fiddled for an instant at the opening of the fourth round, and then Walcott rushed to quarters, only to find Smith's left forearm tightly jammed underneath his chin, and Smith's right smashing him on the heart with telling effect. Walcott was driven to his knees and Smith made a vicious swing at him while in that position. He had received such rough treatment prior to that, that there were many who thought he wanted to lose on a foul.

Walcott opened the fifth with a left smash on the face. Smith then tried his hand at leading, Walcott countering on the jaw with telling effect. Smith then forced Walcott across the ring with jabs and swings, and landed three beautiful blows that made the crowd howl with delight. Walcott continued to break ground, with his left shooting out as straight as a piston rod of a locomotive. Both men were strong at the finish of the round.

In the seventh round Smith tried twice, but failed, but when they came together his favorite uppercut crashed against Walcott's breast, its force only being stopped when it landed against the jaw. Smith repeated his performance, Walcott countering on the neck.

Smith opened hostilities in the eighth round with his unreliable left lead, but managed to whip his right over with considerable force on Walcott's neck. Walcott retreated before Smith's rush that followed, and was heavily uppercut and driven against the ropes.

Smith smashed Walcott on the ribs at the opening of the tenth round, and received a crashing left on the jaw. They clinched, and Walcott lifted Smith clean off the floor and let him down again easily, amidst a chorus of "foul," "foul," from the spectators.

They came together at the opening of the eleventh as time was called, Walcott's face taking on its old smile. Smith worked in a light lead with his right and made a phenomenal stop of one of Walcott's wicked swings.

They had no sooner shaped themselves for the twelfth round before they went to quarters, Walcott's left crashing in on Smith's neck hard enough to fell an ox. The men were now locked in each other's arms, Smith's friends keeping up a constant cry of "foul." This round was replete with clinches and short-arm fighting, in which the honors were fairly even. Smith placed his right well in the opening of the thirteenth round, Walcott responding with his favorite left flush blow right on the stomach. Smith now took a hand at forcing matters, sending his right crashing on Walcott's ear that sent Walcott to the floor. He was up in a jiffy, only to be again driven to the ropes by Smith's onslaught of blows, and down both of them went to the lower ropes, with Smith on top, amid the wildest excitement. In

the fourteenth round Smith's left lead fell short, and Walcott's right circled round on Smith's face, giving it a crimson hue.

Both men made beautiful stops at the opening of the fifteenth and last round. Then Walcott put his favorite left on Smith's jaw and received a ribroaster in return. Smith got in a light swing on the neck, but missed an easy left, and Walcott got in a stiff body blow in quicker time than it takes to tell it.

After the breakaway Walcott got in heavily with his left on the neck, and Smith's right found a resting place on Walcott's stomach. They had a hot exchange of short-arm work for a few seconds, and the close of the round found the men boxing strongly and well able to continue for any number of rounds.

The crowd howled and jumped inside the ring, and so did the police. After the wildest excitement Bill Daly announced that the referee had declared the contest a draw, which was received by the Smith faction with wild cheers, and groans from the Walcott contingent.

After fighting Smith, Walcott's next battle was with Mick Dunn, whom he defeated at Coney Island on April 3 in eight rounds. Dick O'Brien, who had been dissatisfied with the outcome of his previous encounter, essayed to tackle Walcott again. This time the result was more convincing than the first. Walcott knocked him out in one round.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LAVIGNE GIVES WALCOTT A HIDING.

"Kid" Lavigne had in the meantime loomed up as the recognized claimant for lightweight championship honors. A match was talked of, but Sam Fitzpatrick, who represented Lavigne, and Tom O'Rourke could not agree upon the weight, and the match to all intents and purposes fell through. Then O'Rourke, with sublime confidence in Walcott's ability to defeat the little Saginaw lad, offered Fitzpatrick a match upon the following conditions—that at the expiration of fifteen rounds, if Lavigne was on his feet and able to continue fighting he was to be declared the winner, or in other words, Walcott had to knock him out to get the decision. This was accepted. The men came together at the Empire Athletic Club's arena, at Maspeth, Long Island, on December 2, 1895, and resulted in Lavigne gaining the unequivocal right to the title of lightweight champion of America. Had the patrons of fistic sport known what a treat was in store for them no arena in this country would have been sufficiently large to have accommodated a third of the number who would have sought admission. The fight was the best that has

been seen for a decade past, and beyond question justifies a place in the records as being the greatest lightweight encounter that has ever taken place.

The peculiar conditions of the match gave Walcott's adherents a reasonable argument to explain away his defeat on the ground that the task of getting to 133 pounds weakened him physically to such an extent as to impair his fighting ability. When Walcott weighed in at a half a pound below the stipulated weight four hours before the fight, he manifested no signs of any weakness, and told the POLICE GAZETTE representative that he never felt better. At the weight, however, Lavigne was at his best, and surprised even his backers by his improved ability.

Lavigne's attitude throughout the fight surprised everyone. Nobody expected him to make an aggressive battle, but after he had taken a few stiff punches he determined to do some fighting himself, and so well did he succeed that at the end of the stipulated fifteen rounds he had Walcott so weak that it is a question whether he could have continued for five rounds more.

Had the affair gone on to a finish Lavigne would surely have won. His blows left no visible effect upon the ebony-hued skin of his adversary, but the heart and stomach punches that he was walloping in at short range made the negro wince from pain. Lavigne proved himself to be cleverer with the use of his hands than Walcott and his strength at the weight gave him a shade of advantage that the betting men should have considered. Walcott is justly entitled to the credit of putting up the greatest fight of his life, but he made the mistake of overestimating his powers of endurance, and if anything it was an error of judgment on Tom O'Rourke's part in putting him in the ring at a weight which unquestionably weakened him.

The appearance in the ring of Joe Walcott was the signal for applause. He was attended by Tom O'Rourke, George Dixon and Joe Gordon. The spectators welcomed George Lavigne with cheers. He was accompanied by Sam Fitzpatrick, Ted Alexander and Tommy Ryan.

From the first it was apparent that Lavigne did not intend to be a passive recipient of Walcott's blows. The latter evidently expected his opponent to work on the defensive and was unprepared for the aggressive tactics which Lavigne employed. The exchanges were fast the first two rounds, and honors were even. In the third round Lavigne surprised even his adherents by smashing Walcott on the face and jaw and the round ended with honors in the Saginaw lad's favor.

Walcott put a hot right on the heart and a stiff left on the head in the fifth round. Lavigne knocked Walcott's head back with a right on the nose. Walcott smashed the "Kid" on the nose, drawing blood. Lavigne was now on the defensive, and Walcott rained a

shower of terrific blows on the "Kid." Lavigne was nearly whipped at the close.

The sixth round found Lavigne fighting shy, but Walcott went after him furiously. The "Kid" was hammered hard, but he held up gamely. The Saginaw boy rallied at the close and rushed Walcott to the ropes.

Lavigne opened the seventh round with a stiff left on the negro's nose. Walcott tried with his left. The men then stood in the centre and exchanged hard thumps, the "Kid" showing wonderful recuperative powers.

Walcott began the eighth round with a left on the face, and got one in return. Walcott then got in a half dozen uppercuts in succession that seemed to discourage the "Kid." Walcott, however, was not showing his accustomed vigor, and the "Kid" was strong at the close.

In the ninth round Walcott landed half a dozen blows in succession, following with one on the head that staggered the "Kid." The latter came back with a hard one on the jaw, but Walcott responded with a series of body and face blows that made the "Kid" groggy.

Walcott landed three lefts on the face in the tenth round and got in a terrific uppercut on the chin. The "Kid" put his left on Walcott's chin. Walcott put in a staggering right on the "Kid's" chin. The latter was tired, but still on his feet and determined at the end of the round.

In the eleventh round Lavigne still showed an aggressive spirit, but got some hard thumps. Both men swung wildly. Lavigne's left ear was badly cut and bled, but he still remained on his feet and was grim as a soldier.

Walcott put in some hard thumps in the twelfth, but the "Kid" rushed and pushed Walcott to his knees. Twice the "Kid" fought Walcott and had the best of the round. The crowd cheered wildly.

The thirteenth round was a terrific round. Walcott tried hard to land a knockout blow, but the "Kid" showed surprising activity and gave about as good as was sent. Lavigne was very much on his feet at the close of the round.

In the fourteenth round the "Kid" showed astonishing power and gave blow for blow. He clearly outpointed the negro, driving him to his corner and pummeling him against the ropes.

The fifteenth round found Lavigne on the aggressive. The "Kid" put in half a dozen stiff body blows and landed on Walcott's jaw and drove the negro against the ropes. Lavigne was on his feet and got the decision.

No such excitement was ever seen in the arena before. Lavigne's game showing excited the admiration of friend and foe alike, and when Referee Hurst's decision was announced pandemonium was discounted; sedate-looking, cool-headed men stood upon chairs wav-

ing their hats and cheering lustily. The ring swarmed with enthusiasts, all eager to shake the hand of the little champion. As the crowd filed out of the building there was only one sentiment heard on all sides, "the greatest I ever saw."

Walcott then had a succession of experiences against men of his own color. Dan Stuart organized a fistic carnival to take place at El Paso, Texas, in which Walcott was to have participated in a fight with a Texan negro, named Scott Collins, called "Bright Eyes." The match fell through, and Stuart brought his negro up North, and he and Walcott eventually came together under the auspices of the Eureka Athletic Club, of Long Island City, on March 16, 1896. Collins was knocked out in seven rounds. His next opponent was "Scaldy Bill" Quinn, whom he defeated at Woburn, Mass., on May 30, in twenty rounds. Quinn questioned the justice of the decision, and another match was arranged to take place at Maspeth, L. I., on October 12. This time Walcott won in seventeen rounds, Quinn being beaten so badly that his seconds threw up the sponge in token of defeat.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

TOMMY WEST MEETS THE "BLACK DEMON."

Then came an event which had a very important bearing upon Walcott's career. The latter and Dick O'Brien were matched to fight for the third time, under the auspices of the Marlborough Athletic Club, New York city. O'Brien failed to appear and Tommy West of New York, a lad whom Walcott had once beaten in Boston in three rounds, agreed to take his place. They fought nineteen rounds and the decision of a draw was generally condemned. West easily gained the honors, although he was in no condition for a hard battle.

The unsatisfactory ending of this fight, however, led to another, and they met again under the auspices of the Broadway Athletic Club, and the "Demon" was badly beaten, and in a manner which left no doubt in the minds of the spectators this time regarding the superiority of his opponent.

The men fought at catchweights, West weighing about 150½ pounds and Walcott 146. Every advantage was in favor of West—reach, height and weight. That, however, did not in anyway disturb the equilibrium of the shrewd ones, who thought Walcott was so good that even few middleweights could withstand him.

West, for one considered as not having much of a chance, acquitted himself most creditably, although his elbow was altogether too much in evidence. He did not stay away from Walcott, but came in close from the beginning to the end. He gave Walcott a severe

punishing, nearly closing his left eye and frescoing his face here and there with marks that would not make him look pretty, even in his own circles.

Walcott was as game as the proverbial pebble. But it must not be inferred that West was not smashed with all the fierceness at the command of his opponent. The betting was \$100 to \$70 on Walcott, but the price was finally forced down to 2 to 1.

West started off in a way which opened the eyes of the three thousand spectators. Just before the gong sounded he sent in a corking left on the face, crossing with his right, which sent Walcott reeling against the ropes. It was West's round, and the crowd was wild with joy.

Walcott woke up in the second round, and it looked as if he would win, but in the third West nearly brought his opponent to his knees and then staggered him with a hard right on the jaw.

Honors were about even in the fourth round. West continued to meet Walcott well, and the latter was plainly worried that he could not bring his opponent down. West was staggered with a right on the jaw in the seventh round, and the body blows which he had received appeared to be telling on him.

It was slash, bang, until in the ninth round West knocked Walcott against the ropes, and he clinched repeatedly to save himself. It looked as if in the eleventh round Walcott was gone, but he was game, although he clinched repeatedly.

Walcott was groggy again in the eighteenth, and at the end of the round it was plain that he had lost his steam. But West was also tired, and they did little else but hang onto each other until the finish of the twentieth round, although some hard blows were struck. The referee, Dick Roche, decided in favor of West.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE WORST OF AN UNFAIR DECISION.

This was indeed a setback for the "black," but he was not long, however, without a match. Jim Watts, a burly negro from Louisville, Ky., was his next opponent. His fighting qualities were adequately tested in four rounds, at the end of which he was knocked out, to all intents and purposes. While he was on his knees, however, struggling to his feet, Walcott, who had started a left-hand hook blow could not stop it, and it landed lightly on his opponent's head. There was a fearful commotion in the house, Watts's seconds crying foul and refusing to continue the fight. Amidst an awful uproar, in which spectators and police participated, Referee Roche declared

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